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Events of the Week.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE has done for the Government of 1915 what Mr. Chamberlain did for the Government of 1902. He has forced its hand on compulsory service, as Mr. Chamberlain forced the earlier Ministry's hand on Protection. The first Chamberlain did not get Protection, but he broke up his Government. The second may accomplish a similar or a reduced result. Mr. George works on the malleable material of a Coalition, but even such a body may call for some method and deliberation of procedure. We are not aware that the Coalition Cabinet has as yet come to any decision on the policy of putting workmen under martial law, or has even completed an inquiry into it. Why, therefore, does Mr. George foreshadow such action or announce his own conversion to it? That is not government by Cabinet. It is "Daily Mail" statesmanship. Whether compulsion for industrial service be right or wrong, that is not a fitting way to secure it.

Two main threads ran through Mr. George's brilliantly clever speech. He showed himself to be a conscriptionist in theory, denying that it was "anti-democratic," while admitting that under the rule of freedom we had enrolled more men than we could equip. But he came heavily down for National (i.e., forced) Service for workmen, or as he called it "State control of labor." The condition was that the service must be for the State and not for the enrichment of private corporations or individuals. The natural criticism arises—Why did not the late Government long ago draw off the extra war profits made by the munitions firms for

the benefit of the Exchequer? It is their failure to do so which has largely created the industrial difficulties to which Mr. George would now apply the remedy of force. The "Daily Mail," indeed, naturally treats his speech as a vindication of its attacks on Lord Kitchener. Mr. George himself has had various Committees. What have they been doing if the tremendous reorganization of industry for which he calls is still necessary? The condemnation, if it is deserved, is not of the workmen's *laches*, but of his own and that of his late colleagues.

For the rest, Mr. George used the fall of Przemysl, and the tremendous storm of shell launched by the Germans on the Russian armies, as object-lessons of the supreme necessity for a great increase of our output. If, he suggested, our armies had been as freely supplied with munitions, we would have driven out the Germans from Flanders, and even penetrated into Germany. That, again, is an argument for more shells, but not for forced labor. Russia is a conscript country, and her lack of munitions is hardly due to the insubordination of the mujik. The capital defect of the speech is that it cannot but miss its object. The whole body of available workers ought to be organized for all the necessary war work that can be demanded of them. For that purpose we should have (a) a register of employees, so as to secure their (willing) transference from one factory to another, and (b) the calling in of the trade unions as a disciplinary body, coupled with an urgent appeal to them to suspend their merely limiting regulations for the duration of the war. "Ask and don't force" should be the Government's motto. The application of force without asking will either be defeated by "slacking," or will raise a storm in which not only the Government but the war may go down.

MEANWHILE, Mr. Lloyd George may note an application of his new doctrine of forced labor. Lord Manvers, speaking at Nottingham, suggested that martial law should be proclaimed in strike areas and the ringleaders shot. And we observe an unpleasant example of the Zabern spirit in Brigadier-General Nickalls, who has just been fined for violently assaulting a civil servant who was enlisting men for war work, and had vainly asked to be released from this task in order to go to the front himself. The Brigadier-General asked why this man had not enlisted. He was told the cause, and answered that it was a "lie," and when Mr. Horsman proposed to show the papers which proved that it was the truth, struck him in the face. These are grave incidents.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE's history is something to seek. France, he said, "saved the liberty she had won in the great Revolution from the fangs of tyrannical military empires purely by compulsory service." The Law of Conscription was established by the Directorate (which was practically a dictatorship) in 1798. That is to say, it dates from the period when the Revolution was already well on the way to becoming a "tyrannical military empire" herself. Conscription was the weapon with which free, Republican

France was changed into a military despotism. We should be glad also to have an expansion of Mr. George's further notion that we won and saved our liberties by compulsion. Is the allusion here to feudal service or to the press-gang?

* * *

THERE is no relaxation in the tremendous German offensive on the Eastern front. The intervention of Italy, if it has at all influenced it, has only caused it to be pressed with the greater energy. It seems as though von Hindenburg had resolved to deal a smashing blow at Russia before he turns to deal with Italy. Przemyśl has been re-taken, and the main attack seems now to be directed towards Lemberg; but as if to prevent any large reinforcement of the Russian armies in Galicia, a fierce attack has been made (after an interval of several months) on Warsaw, and the diversion in the Baltic provinces is also being pressed. One asks whence the men are obtained for this immense and scattered effort, and the answer seems to be mainly that the new levies are now coming into the field. Probably a hard spear-point of seasoned men has been provided by the withdrawal of large forces from the Western front. The gain in ground from this offensive has been very large, but it is to be hoped that the German claim to have made 300,000 Russian prisoners during May, with some generals, many guns, and much material, is not as truthful as it is precise.

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THE dramatic interest of the Galician campaign is once more centred in Przemyśl. The attempt to isolate the fortress, though skilfully planned, proved impossible of achievement, and it fell to direct attack. Three of the northern forts were captured by the Bavarians at the beginning of the week, and the evacuation of the fortress was commenced on Wednesday night. The new positions to which the Russians have fallen back are, unlike the position from which they have been driven, strong natural positions. Heavy fighting has been going on upon the eastern (right) bank of the Lower San. The news is absolutely contradictory, but it seems probable that the German advance in this direction (which may have been a wide flanking move against Przemyśl, or perhaps an independent march on Lemberg) has been checked. On the other hand, in the south-eastern part of this field, the Prussian Guard has taken the important junction and town of Stryj by storm, and is now pressing far beyond it on the road to Lemberg, from which their van is only about thirty miles distant. In East Galicia the Russians have scored a decided success. In these last battles near the River Swica, the Russians have taken 16,000 prisoners, probably Austrians.

* * *

THE simultaneous attack on the Russian lines before Warsaw seems to have been something rather more serious than a mere feint, designed to occupy an enemy and prevent the despatch of reinforcements. On Sunday night they bombarded the whole Polish front, and treated the Russian trenches on the Rawka and Bzura to lavish doses of poisonous gas. The attack was, none the less, everywhere repulsed. It is less easy to be sure of what is happening in the Baltic region from Libau to Shavli, which the Germans have over-run. Fighting goes on, which the official news of each side describes with the usual contradictions, but the net result is that the Germans remain in occupation of this long strip of territory, though there is evidence of a formidable Russian enveloping movement.

* * *

LATE on Monday night, the Zeppelins at last pushed their raiding to the outlying districts of London. They

dropped about ninety incendiary bombs, and though many fires resulted, only three of them were large enough to require the services of fire-engines. Four civilians, two of them children, were killed; a woman has since died of her injuries, and several others were less seriously burned. The German *communiqué* represents the raid as an attack "on the wharves and docks of London." Some rioting, by way of reprisal, against shops belonging to Germans, took place on Tuesday in Shoreditch. This sums up all the news which the censorship permits to be published, but, so far as can be judged, the raid was as barren of military results as those which have preceded it, and at the same time as baffling to the defenders as air attacks usually are. One supposes that the German air-ships, having once found the way to London, will repeat their visits while the summer weather is propitious. The results are likely to be negligible in a military sense, but a near view of these performances only strengthens the disgust with which the normal mind regards them. The stories told at the inquest, of how one bomb surprised and killed an aged couple as they were kneeling at prayer, while another went through a bed containing five little children, are the best commentary on this form of "warfare."

* * *

THE fighting in France and Flanders is again confined to the lines between Ypres and Arras, and from the rest of the front there is an almost total absence of news. Neither of our armies seem to have been heavily engaged, except at one point, the Château of Hooze, near Zonnebeke, which was carried at the bayonet point. French efforts have now for the fourth week been busied in reducing the German salient above Arras. The little town of Ablain has been taken, and, after stubborn fighting, the sugar-refinery near Souchez, which the Germans had converted into a fort, has been taken, lost, and re-taken again. Progress in this hilly ground is slow, but the loss to the Germans of positions which had been fortified with immense pains throughout the winter may render a more rapid advance possible when this preliminary work is completed. In Neuville, and in the "labyrinth" to the south-east of it, the French are steadily advancing street by street and trench by trench. The statistics of the fighting on the edges of this salient suggest that there is a large balance of losses against the Germans in this fighting. The French lost 3,200 men, of whom two-thirds were slightly wounded. The Germans left 2,600 dead and 3,100 prisoners—a net loss of 4,500 men, when the final deduction is made from the effectives of the two sides.

* * *

THE larger forces of the Italian army, which are probably those destined for the movement through Friuli, across the Isonzo, upon Trieste, have not yet come into serious conflict with the enemy. He awaits them in his entrenched lines, which follow the left bank of the Isonzo, with some advanced positions on the right bank, designed to cover the town of Görz. While the shock here is delayed, the Italians continue to secure their flanks by advancing into the Trentino salient, and occupying the passes all along the Alpine frontier. The direct advance up the Adige proceeds, and has as yet encountered only weak delaying opposition. The town of Ala and the fort of Luserna have been taken. A parallel advance is going on up the Giudicaria Pass, which is now close to Condino. The big undertaking in this region will be the reduction of the forts at the north end of Lake Garda, between Arco and Rovereto. An Italian airship has raided Pola, and reports that it set the arsenal on fire. The Italian fleet is cruising along the Dalmatian coast without meeting an enemy, and has destroyed the wireless station of Lissa.

THE news from the Dardanelles is meagre and unimportant, and reports rather the repulse of Turkish attacks on our lines than the success of any offensive undertaken by us. The inference may be that our offensive is delayed pending further developments, the arrival, for instance, of Italian reinforcements, or the intervention of Bulgaria. A large Italian force is said to have reached Rhodes, but its work may perhaps be an attack on the Asiatic mainland. The fleet is endeavoring to locate and destroy the base from which the newly arrived German submarines are working.

* * *

THE German reply to the American note has at last been delivered, and its text suggests that German diplomacy hopes to extract some profit from the controversy. The leading idea seems to be that Germany will call off her submarines if the United States, by pressure on this country, can induce us to break down the blockade which excludes foodstuffs and raw materials. In detail, the note treats the attacks on the "Gulflight" and the "Cushing" as regrettable and indefensible incidents, for which it apologizes. The "Falaba" was to blame for her fate, because she ran away when pursued. As for the "Lusitania," the now familiar excuses are again set out that she was carrying munitions, that she carried Canadian soldiers, and, finally, that she was an auxiliary cruiser, and carried concealed cannon. All this is a mere evasion of the plain contention of America, law, and humanity, that merchant ships must not be torpedoed without warning, or in any circumstances which endanger the lives of the crew and passengers.

* * *

AMERICAN opinion expects Dr. Wilson to adhere to this simple point, and to decline either a dilatory discussion over details, or the re-opening of the blockade question. A prompt declaration of war by the States is unlikely, but it is almost inevitable that diplomatic relations will be broken off. Germany is playing for delay, and the suggestion of an appeal to arbitration on the point of fact is suspicious. Arbitration would be a proper course to follow only on the understanding that the submarine operations are suspended during the trial of the dispute. Meanwhile, American attention is somewhat diverted to Mexico, where the anarchy is becoming intolerable. A communication from President Wilson to the Press (intended mainly for the ears of the Mexican generals) conveys the warning that, unless they can contrive to come together and set up a government with which the outside world can deal, intervention may become inevitable.

* * *

THE new Ministry is almost complete, though a grave political difficulty threatens the Irish appointments in it. It has been proposed to make Mr. Campbell, a strong backer of the Ulster rebellion, Lord Chancellor. Mr. Dillon, writing to the "Manchester Guardian," declares that such an appointment would be an "outrage," and, so far as the Nationalists are concerned, would break the political truce. This is a grave warning, which will be echoed by the whole Liberal Party, which regards Home Rule as a finished cause, and coercion at an end. It was understood that this position was guaranteed by Mr. Birrell's maintenance, at Mr. Redmond's instance, in the Irish Secretaryship. But it is surely lost, or gravely menaced, if the administration is divided between Home Rulers and Unionists.

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For the rest, the under-Secretaryships are divided between the parties, several of the younger Liberals, such as Mr. Baker, Mr. Primrose, and Sir Harry Verney retir-

ing. They are not, for the most part, replaced by fresh blood among the Unionists, for Mr. Pretymann and Mr. Hayes Fisher appear with other familiar but not precisely distinguished names. The ablest new-comer is Lord Robert Cecil, who goes to the Foreign Office, succeeding an illustrious father. The Whip's office is also divided, Lord Edmund Talbot being joined with Mr. Gulland. Mr. Pike Pease, a Unionist Whip of ability, becomes Assistant Postmaster-General. We are glad to see that the Under-Secretaryship in the Home Office is reserved for Mr. Brace, a Labor member. Mr. Roberts, of the Labor Party, is also enrolled in the list of new Whips.

* * *

THE Birthday Honors—the King was fifty on Thursday—include a Garter for Lord Kitchener, peerages for Sir Francis Bertie, our Ambassador in Paris during the main period of the Entente and its energetic champion, and Sir Kenneth Muir Mackenzie, some Privy Councillorships, mostly distributed as consolation prizes for Ministers who have lost their places or obtained smaller ones, and a great number of new baronetcies and knighthoods. These latter are either political appointments, or rewards for war services, of very various types of merit, with a few professional advancements. The list might have been more distinguished, but some names in it will be welcomed.

* * *

SERIOUS trouble has been threatening in the Lancashire cotton industry, where a dispute over a war bonus in one mill seemed likely to involve a general quarrel. The card-room operatives demanded a war bonus, and arranged to strike work at a mill where it was refused. The masters then replied by threatening a general lock-out. The issue turns partly on the question of war profits. The Board of Trade has intervened, and a settlement ought not to be difficult. The L.C.C. tramway strike has come to an end, but the L.C.C. have infused a quite unnecessary bitterness by conduct that must seem to many who strongly disapproved of the strike very high-handed and arbitrary. The men returned to work, understanding that their grievance would be discussed. The L.C.C., however, have refused to take back any men who are of military age. This can only have the effect of inflaming feeling, leaving a real sense of oppression, and doing a serious injury to recruiting. The last thing that will incline a man to enlist is the bullying of an employer.

* * *

THOUGH there seems to be a doubt in the mind of those Italians who were lately neutralist, whether Italy is yet at war with Germany, or only with Austria, her full entry into the Triple (we must now say Quadruple) Entente is no longer doubtful. Mr. McKenna is about to meet the Italian Finance Minister at Nice, to discuss her financial relations with the other Allies. Meanwhile, the evidences multiply that Bulgaria and Roumania have come to terms, and will act or refrain from acting in full agreement. Their idea, so far as one can guess, is to approach Russia jointly, and to back their suggestions to her by the offer to grant or withhold their united intervention. They are concerned, both of them, with the future of Constantinople, and singly with their territorial claims. Germany is evidently aware that the risk of their intervention is serious, for her press is now exhorting Austria to make concessions to Roumania, and a consignment of rifles from Denmark to Bulgaria has been confiscated. There has been this week a sudden movement of alarm in Holland, lest Belgium should be annexed by Germany, and the "Handelsblad," a responsible paper of neutral opinions, has declared that, for Holland this ought to be, and would be, a *casus belli*.

Politics and Affairs.

FORCED SERVICE AND FORCED LABOR.

"You can get all the willing service you need, sir, if you'll only organize it. Tell each man of us what is wanted of him, and he'll do it."—"Punch" to the Prime Minister.

THERE are some aspects of the call for forced service, military and industrial, which we hope the nation will keep coolly and clearly in view. The first is one of order and decency in the conduct of our affairs. The newspaper organization which has just failed to rush out Lord Kitchener is seeking to mend its shattered reputation by rushing in conscription. The method it employs is that which it used to discredit the Territorial army. Because conscription was held to be capable of yielding a better military result than voluntary service, all attempts to strengthen or fortify the latter system were to be strangled at birth. The attempt failed. The Expeditionary Force, which is the core of the regular army, was strengthened and re-equipped, the Territorials were created, and on this basis, within a few months of the declaration of a Continental war, a force of over two millions of men, the flower of the four nations in intellect, character, and physical worth,* abandoned their daily work and pleasure, and rallied to the colors. The majority of these troops are not yet in the field. But, looking well into the future, Lord Kitchener thinks it necessary to reinforce them with a further 300,000. If these are recruited at the old rate of enlistment—and there is no reason to forebode a failure—our military contribution to the armies of the Allies cannot fall much short of three millions of men. Such a result, and a corresponding success in equipment, would, of course, proclaim the definite victory of voluntary service. Man for man, this maritime, insular, commercial Power would have sent across the seas an army such as the greatest of any of the military nations might envy. This issue neither the theorist nor the sensationalist can permit. Every effort, therefore, is made to avert it. Free enlistment is discouraged. Early in the history of the war, a magnificent feat of British arms was represented in the "Times" as an effect of demoralization and disaster.† One paper of the syndicate refused to publish a War Office advertisement for recruits. Others sneered at it. A campaign of personal and professional disparagement was opened on the great soldier and great man who was responsible for the supply of men and material, and had continued to resort to the voluntary system for them.

These efforts to create uncertainty and depression in the national mind have had a certain effect. This is more spiritual and political than military. The Liberal Government, the chief bulwark of voluntary service, is discouraged and bewildered, and finally throws up the sponge. A mixed administration takes its place, containing a definite conscriptionist element. There is an instant renewal of the attacks of suggestion and implica-

*A Colonel of a Territorial regiment, who bears a famous English name, said of his men the other day: "They behaved in the open, under withering fire, just as if they were on parade."

†The character of this great feat of arms, achieved by voluntary troops, and its relation to the French plan of strategy, are described with brilliant clearness by Mr. Belloc in his "General Sketch of the European War. (The First Phase.)"

tion. No facts are stated, only the old insinuations of distrust and failure. The vital issues—whether, for example, it is possible to mix a conscript and a voluntary army, whether forced service could be applied to Ireland, whether at any moment there has been a deficiency of men which could be remedied by a change of system—are ignored, for the simple reason that the answer would destroy the conscriptionist case.

But one odious impression is conveyed. The nation is arbitrarily divided into soldiers and "slackers"—heroes and cowards. One great body of British and Irish citizens have gone freely into the trenches in Flanders and Gallipoli. It is put to them and to the nation that there is nothing for it but to force into their company a shameful, loitering residuum who disgrace our streets. One cannot imagine a worse argument. It is, of course, highly inflaming to the army, which is encouraged to think that an injustice is being done to it, and depressing to the nation, which feels that its future will lie in the hands of the weakest of its sons. It gives away the case for conscription, which never contemplated the formation of Penal Battalions or Penal Drafts, whose arrival at the seat of war, and embodiment with the voluntary soldiers, could only be a process of pain and degradation. Here, again, every kind of truthful analysis is avoided. It is not asked who the "slackers" are, what are their numbers, or what part is assigned them in the triple division of labor which has fallen to our lot—the fighting of the war, the financing of the war, and the supplying of material for the war. Then, in face of the notorious fact that the country is full of men it has not yet equipped, the whole argument is turned upside down, and in place of the suggestion that we have raised too few soldiers, we are told by Mr. Lloyd George and the "Daily Mail" that we have got too many, and that some superfluous thousands ought to return to the workshop. Thus, under this Government by the Mad Mullahs of journalism, the nation, which began this war solid and calm, is threatened with disunity and panic, with disbelief, not merely in its men and its institutions, but in its peculiar genius and spirit.

Now, having examined the basis on which this controversy is raised, let us deal with its substance. And let us start with a point of agreement. This war must be fought and won by any and every method which brings into the field the largest, bravest, ablest, best equipped body of men that the character and resources of our people can furnish. The point of difference arises solely as to the method of achieving this capital end. Now, there can be no pretence that a magic resides in the word "conscription," so as to enable us either to raise more men than the nation is able to spare for soldiering, or to raise better men, or to train and equip them more speedily. On the second point, the advantage is admittedly on the side of voluntary service, for the proposal is to water the existing armies with an inferior type of soldier, presumably lacking in physical bravery or in public spirit. Does Lord Kitchener desire this mixed army, consisting, let us say, of three-fourths of volunteers and one-fourth of conscripts? Has he ever considered it a proper weapon for waging this war? Would any prac-

tical soldier propose to raise it in the midst of a campaign and to command it in the field? Consider the material contributed under a system of forced enlistment. A great body of these so-called "slackers" are necessary elements in our commercial life. There is very little plant lying idle, and the unemployed class hardly rise above one per cent. of the population. Everybody is working at something or other, and, excepting some luxury trades, in businesses which, when they are analysed, will be found to be essential to the conduct of the war and the solvency of the country. We cannot shut up the great banks and the commercial houses and emporiums, or let the hay crops go ungathered. It is probable that women could be substituted for some classes of workers, and that some further proportion of able-bodied clerks or agricultural laborers might be drafted to the front, and we presume that the Government are not without the power of discovering what is this margin for further military levies after the needs of the Navy and of the essential supporting industries have been satisfied. But when we get down to the residuum, we reach a class whose military value is very small, and for whose sake it is mere Chinaman's politics to burn down the house on which for centuries our military system has been built up. No advocate of Conscription tells us what this final reserve of "slackers" amounts to, or is able to say how, if we over-step it and an over-draft of soldiers from industry takes place, we are to feed, clothe, and arm our soldiers, pay our dividends, raise our taxes, finance our Allies and Colonies, and run expeditions all over the world. Does France ask this particular disservice of us? Or Russia? We do not think so. Under such auspices we might, indeed, realize a fighting Britain. But we should also have a ruined and starving one.

It is at this point, therefore, that the controversy shifts, as Mr. Lloyd George in his Manchester speech has shifted it, from the ground of Forced Military Service to the more familiar region of Forced Labor. Here the warriors of many a fight reappear. Archdeacons excommunicate afresh the undeserving poor. Lord Milner joins the Bishop of Pretoria, his ally in the famous battle for Chinese labor. The "Times" glorifies these measures and aspirations in its largest type, and canvasses (in its smallest) the possible views of the workmen about them. The propositions which underlie these appeals for "national service" are left in obscurity. Men are to be moved from one industry to another, according as the national needs dictate. From what industry to what other? From boot-making to shell-making? Which is the more vital to the maintenance of the army and the nation, and is it necessary to set up a system of force in order to discover and establish the necessary equation? Lord Selborne and Lord Curzon, with due legal assistance from Sir Edward Carson (late of the Ulster Army) cannot do much more in this respect than the War Office and the Board of Trade have presumably done since the war broke out. Neither conscription nor voluntary service furnishes an absolute insurance against some mis-employment of the national strength. France took Creusot workmen from the shops

to the trench and had to send them back again, and we have made similar errors.

Nor are we given any guidance as to the kind of discipline which it is proposed to set up under a system of forced regimentation and transference of labor. Suppose a workman resists his transportation from the Tyne to the Clyde, and his trade union supports him in his resistance. Martial law, we suppose, is to be the substitute for the present forms of collective or individual bargaining, and under it wages and discipline will be equally prescribed. Has any English politician or economic student asked himself how such an order can be applied to the workmen at a few hours' notice, and how this crude revolution in their daily life can be accomplished without friction, revolt, anger, and a serious change in their view of the rightness and necessity of the war? The workman will obviously want to know whether he is to work compulsorily for his country's good, or for Mr. Smith's profit; whether, in fact, the coercion to be applied to him extends to his employer, and is so framed as to regulate profits, output, the form and manner of production, equally with time-keeping and hours and conditions of labor.

Instead, therefore, of the *cry* for conscription, military or industrial, let us have the *case* for it. The workman has not been well handled of late. Though he happens to be maintaining the war, both at the front and at home, he has been lectured and dragooned as if he were capable of neither function, and as if the whole fabric of labor organization could at once be beaten into the required shape by a slanting blow from the sledge-hammer of the State. We hope that we are not too late in warning the Government and the country of the grave danger to national unity arising from this campaign, to which the new Minister of Munitions has now lent his aid. Unity has been impaired already. But it need not be broken if the Government realizes in time the tremendous responsibility of destroying, without cause, the system under which all our wars have been fought, and which has given us in ten months an army forty times as great as that which won Waterloo, and of still finer quality. The new Government is a self-elected, self-appointed body. It has no mandate to change free for forced service. It did not come from the people with such a message nor seek it at their hands. No hint has been vouchsafed us that it is in straits for men; on the contrary, there has never been a day or an hour when the national enthusiasm has not run ahead of the national ability to organize it. All that the Government wants, if it has dealt honestly and straightforwardly with the nation, is a somewhat closer concentration of energy on the provision of material to meet a rapidly developed need of modern battle. If here and there the workers are sadly in want of discipline, let it be exercised, as far as may be, through their organizations. If the whole community wants appealing to, let it be through the power of persuasion, which is the accustomed way of our statesmanship. And let the Government beware of exciting the workmen's suspicion that in place of making war on Germany, it is preparing to make war on *them*.

THE FUTURE OF WESTERN DEMOCRACY.

THE entrance of Italy into the war registers something more far-reaching than the support given to the Allies in battle. It means a profound change in Europe in that time, which to-day seems inconceivable but which will surely come to-morrow, when battle is over and victory assured. For Italy also has accepted the pledge not to make a separate peace with the Germanic Powers. The Triple Alliance—always an "adulterous alliance" so far as the Italian people were concerned—has passed from the actual effort of man into the pages of history; as something that rose and flourished and dominated Europe for more than thirty years, and now has gone into the region of shadows. It has vanished in fire and blood amid the sound of cannon; and Italy may be compelled to bear her share of suffering also before she and her Allies are in a position to declare what new world shall arise out of this furnace of war. But the sacrifices will be borne with fortitude, and will be worth the bearing. And this not only for the liberation of "Italia Irredenta," nor for the fact that Italy is fighting for the cause which, when it triumphs, will ensure for smaller and weaker nations the right to live; but more especially because she now takes her rightful position amongst the democracies of the West, and in communion with the Latin civilization, instead of being linked unequally with an Austria whom she hated and a Germany who despised her. Even while the Triplice was still in being, the German professors and publicists were instilling into the German mind, in and out of season, the decadence and decay of the Western and Southern democracies. The Latin races had had their day, and shortly would cease to be—would cease at least to count in that Welt-politik which had given the twentieth century to the Kultur and organization of the German State. They received one quite genuine shock when they found that France could fight; France which was supposed to produce no children, and to cultivate only the qualities of prudence, timidity, and love of pleasure. They will experience another shock when they find that Italy can fight also; Italy which was supposed to tremble at the mere suggestion of the advent of the Austrian invader. Italy and France are civilized nations; the Latin civilization, so far from being dead, is destined to flower into new life after its successful resistance to the barbarian; after the scattering and confusion of those who "delight in war."

And this advent of Italy enables us, for the first time to see, even if dimly and through the smoke of battle, the possibilities of a reconstructed Europe. Germany and the German race will remain, even if beaten to the knees, suffering incredible losses. The prophets, clerical and otherwise, who talk as if it were possible to slice out of the map of Europe over a hundred millions of persons, are merely satisfying emotional anger. You may kill or disable two millions, or four millions, or five; you may shatter to pieces the fabric of German industry; you may leave a people as crippled as the France that succeeded Waterloo. But there will be a Treaty of Peace, as aforetime, and, as aforetime, after that Treaty a recovery; and millions of German children, now seven years of age or eight or twelve will, in a tiny

period of years, be young men, ready for war. And, therefore, it is essential, if the twentieth century is not to see a resumption of the horrors of the present, that some strong and close-knit alliance shall be formed, which will be formidable enough to resist any attempt of Germany to regain by force what she will lose by force before peace is made. There are potentialities of such an alliance in this union of the Western nations—Italy, France, and Britain—who, unlike Germany, have embarked on the *régime* of responsible Government, and, unlike Germany also, have refused to sacrifice the art of living to the demands of the military machine. To these three as nucleus, it is possible that the lesser Western Powers would gravitate—Belgium certainly, and Norway, Switzerland, Portugal, perhaps Holland and Spain. Such an orientation is indeed only possible if the Allies can demonstrate in a fashion which history cannot neglect or deny, that the German invasion of a small nation has proved to be not only a crime, but a blunder; that every German statesman who may arise before the century's close will remember that the worst possible policy Germany could adopt if she went again to war, would be to act as she acted to Belgium and in Belgium some ten months ago. France, Italy, and Britain, in conjunction with the smaller nations, could undoubtedly give that guarantee of enduring existence. It might be that the United States also, despite their natural and deep-seated hatred of interference in European affairs, would be willing to join in such an alliance and to accept such a guarantee. By such methods, an assurance might be given of the peace of the world, and the nations relieved of the nightmare of apprehension in which they have lived in the twilight of the past forty years.

Such an alliance and guarantee would involve a settlement on the lines of nationality; not as in the Congress of Vienna, the satisfaction of conflicting "claims" by tossing alien peoples to unloved rulers. And if, as seems probable, that "ramshackle Empire" of Central Europe is torn to pieces in the process, those component parts of it which could never stand alone against the weight and terror of the united Germanic peoples might find refuge and protection as members of such a democratic union. What of Russia? Russia internally will work out her own salvation, and a great Slav civilization will certainly contribute new and rich elements to a variegated world. Russia externally would have no quarrel with this new Democratic Federation of Western Europe. There is hardly a spot on the two hemispheres where the interests of the two would clash or would even come into contact. She would be linked with it by the Franco-Russian Alliance, still persistent after the strain it has stood so successfully. And the development of Siberia and of lands which may be acquired by this war to redeem from the reign of terror or of sloth which they have endured for centuries, will occupy the energies of the Russian people for a century. For a century at least Russia will passionately desire peace. But, in any case, the art of statesmanship will be revealed, not in the maltreatment of Germany, but in her isolation; in the revelation, obvious without the actual arbitrament of war, that if she again seeks to

disturb the peace, she will be waging a hopeless contest.

Such an organization would not, indeed, solve the European problem. A more durable solution would be found in a United States of Europe of which a greatly changed and heavily-chastened Germany would be a member, formed as a league against all and sundry who disturb the common peace, and exercising authority through a standing council of small and great powers elected on a proportional basis. Such a solution seemed not impossible last August. To-day the spirit of the German people, the successive acts of ferocity of their army, their deliberate violations of international conventions, their treatment of the inhabitants of conquered territories, have enormously increased its difficulty. We must not lightly forego it, for to do so would be to postpone both disarmament and the rebuilding of international law, as well as the setting up of a permanent instrument of conciliation. Its abandonment would leave a Europe still showing hostile races confronting hostile races, with desire for revenge restrained only by fear of its consequences. But the present obstacles are grave. The Allies would not now receive Germany into comity. She, too, may elect to go down fighting, desperate, defiant to the last, carrying down with her in a vast ruin the material accumulations of half-a-century. In that case, it will be for a Europe thus hardly surviving to take such steps as are possible by all legitimate alliances, guarantees, and combinations, to ensure that she shall never be in the position to make another end of the world.

ORGANIZE; BUT HOW?

It was a favorite illusion of critics of democracy that great bodies of unsophisticated men and women were particularly liable to be swept off their feet by captivating phrases and simple ideas. If anybody believes this to be the special danger of the popular mind, let him turn to the correspondence columns of the newspapers that are read by the comfortable classes, and he will see that the advisers of the nation, who give their advice in these columns, are tumbling over each other in their haste to acclaim a proposal charmingly simple in appearance, but full of difficulties and problems to which few of its supporters seem to have given a thought. Yet a great deal of thought is necessary before a nation, placed as we are in regard to history, tradition, industrial structure, can organize its resources. And the first of those needs is mutual understanding. The dons who write to the "Times" read the "Times"; they do not read the "Citizen," the "Herald," with Mr. Dyson's cartoons of the profit mongers, or the journals of the trade unions. They imagine a number of people ready to organize, and a number of people ready to be organized. All that is wanted is Government intervention to set this process in motion, and to apply the necessary discipline. What could be simpler? Yet the mere fact that industrial warfare is going on, to some of these correspondents the principal argument for discipline, is a sufficient reason in the mind of a statesman for suspecting that the problem is less simple than it appears.

Let us begin by taking one significant fact. Last September strikes virtually ceased: the working classes seemed prepared to make any sacrifices. To-day we are threatened with a general cotton lock-out in Lancashire, though last autumn the cotton trade unions were so anxious not to embarrass the Government that they declined to press for better treatment from the Board of Trade at a time when they were in danger of bankruptcy. Last autumn, that is, the war seemed to have killed industrial strife, and to have taught a patience that was almost Quixotic; to-day, it seems to stimulate it. In the explanation of that phenomenon we shall find the clue to some of the problems that are now before us.

Last autumn the Government could have made anything of the nation. For the nation was braced up for a great struggle, and self-sacrifice was the note of the hour. When a whole nation is stirred by this spirit, one impulse governs its conduct. Soldiers, sailors, workers, all alike thought only of a single duty. For a time, that is to say, the atmosphere of competitive and profit-making industry disappeared in the new harmony of patriotism. If the great and difficult economic problems of the war had been differently handled, this harmony would have been preserved. But they were so handled as to cause suspicion and anger. When prices rose, the Government said to the working classes that it was unfortunate, but that to control this tendency was beyond their power, and that business must proceed as usual. Thus the poorer classes learned that the law of sacrifice was not for all, and that there were people whose destiny it was to make a fortune out of the sufferings of their neighbors. They saw coalowners and coal merchants reaping huge profits while the poor in the towns were scarcely able to buy coal; they saw millers declaring huge dividends, and the price of bread going up rapidly; they saw the manufacturers of shells, clothes, and boots for the army, and the contractors who supplied food and shelter, doing excellent business, while some of their employees were still sweated. They began to think that it was the old story of the wars with Revolutionary France when, as Porter put it, "some became suddenly enriched by carrying off the valuables, while the mass were involved in ruin and destitution." The spell was broken.

The next fact to note is this. The working-classes were ready to make any sacrifice for the nation, but they were now rudely thrown back into the world of industrial contention. We can put it in this way. In normal life the working-classes are perpetually engaged in warfare. If they give ground to their employers they are weakened in that struggle, and if their real wages fall they lose power as combatants. The war is not suspending industrial history: it is making it. Therefore, from the moment the employers come before the public as profit makers, the employees cease to think of themselves only as serving the nation. They demand a war bonus as recognizing and establishing a claim that labor is the first charge on industry. They are wage earners as soon as the employers are profit makers. Take the case of the Lancashire cotton dispute. The "Cotton Factory Times" states that the spinners had not intended to take action until the expiration of their agreement in July, but that if the masters attempt a general lock-out,

they will present a demand at once. If, that is to say, the masters enter on hostilities, the spinners will stand out for what they can get in the same spirit. Now people who are only thinking of the war are absolutely unable to understand this world, into which the war itself has brought a cause of discord. For this trouble is not in all cases the burden thrown on poor people as consumers. That trouble exists, and it is very important to deal with it. But there is this further trouble, that the war has enhanced the profits of certain industries, and that the nature of our industrial system causes a consequent struggle. Those who are satisfied with that system in peace, cannot close their eyes to its consequences in war.

To understand the situation is to see at a glance that most of the talk of industrial organization is merely dangerous. Who is going to tell the workman Smith, who has spent his life resisting the employer Jones, that in future he is to obey Jones as if he, Jones, was the nation? That is what Pitt told the workman in the last great war, but the man who speaks in that sense to the workman to-day will not be listened to. The true way is to begin at the other end. Make the employer the servant of the State, and thus remove this disturbing element of private profit. If the Government had taken this step at the beginning, endless trouble would have been avoided. Why should the makers of shells, of guns, of khaki enrich themselves at the expense of the nation in its hour of peril? The limitation of profits is not an easy matter, but it is not impracticable, and the successful Government is the Government that can achieve what is difficult. From August last, every factory that was wanted for Government work should have been a public establishment, and salaries, wages, and dividends should have been paid by the nation. Instead of this, we have seen all the usual operations of private enterprise at work, contractors and sub-contractors, and all the familiar sweating scandals. So long as this goes on, so long as masters are making profits out of war work, so long is it impossible to tell the workmen that patriotism asks them to forget the world of industrial struggle in which they live. Men who will act with a heroic generosity as citizens will show a different temper if they think that their employers are taking advantage of their patience. When a simple gentleman writes to the "Times" to say that Conscription will "provide an easy way of dealing with the demands for a war bonus," he puts into words what many working men suspect to be in the minds of the upper-class and middle-class advocates of that measure.

Meanwhile, what is done to protect the poor from the extortionate? A Committee on coal was appointed very late in the day, but its report has not been followed by effective action. And in the case of rents (in France, be it remembered, rents are suspended) Mr. Jones points out in an important article in "The Political Quarterly," that it would be a simple matter to stop the considerable rise which has taken place in working-class rents in the towns. There is the further problem of discipline. Any of the general charges of want of patriotism that are brought against the working classes are seen at once to be unjust, for they have produced nine-tenths of the strength of our army, and they have done heroic work in the munition factories.

But there is always a problem of discipline, and at this moment, when labor has to be improvised, when many men unaccustomed to regular work are taken into employment, when long hours, and overtime, and other demoralizing conditions prevail, arrangements for discipline are specially necessary. We have suggested, and we would urge the suggestion again, that the Government should make use of the trade unions for this purpose, as also for the regulation of canteens and similar institutions. There are difficulties in this course, as anybody can see. It is asking of the trade unions that they shall think of themselves not as associations for protecting the economic and personal interests of the workers, but as associations with responsibilities of government and justice. Those responsibilities are serious and arduous, and they involve risks to the unions and to those who lead them. But we refuse to believe that they cannot and will not be undertaken. Certain conditions are necessary. One we have described. A trade unionist cannot be asked to be policeman for the employer; he can be asked to help the nation by taking a part in the democratic control of industry. Another condition is universal trade unionism. It is clear that every man or woman who works in any war establishment must become a trade unionist. To some of the correspondents of the "Times" that will seem a drastic measure; but it is infinitely less drastic than anything they have suggested. Without this provision, the trade unions are obviously not fully equipped for the task, and men whom they had to punish might revenge themselves by leaving the union and persuading others to do so. We believe that on such lines it is possible to carry the State through this crisis by means of the democratic energy of the nation.

PRZEMYSL AND AFTER.

IN little over a month Germany and Austria have cleared the Carpathians, recovered half the Russian holding in Galicia, retaken Przemyśl, and compelled a retreat in Southern Poland. An optimistic German might with some reason say that his country had made the whole Russian position in Galicia insecure, and at this moment even threatened to turn the line of the Vistula. There is, we admit, something in this contention. Germany unquestionably has made a remarkable advance. She has relieved her ally of an imminent and vital threat, and she has inflicted heavy losses upon Russia. This is to measure the results of her offensive on the absolute scale. When we begin to inquire what she sought to do, what she has paid for her present achievement, and what is its precise military value, when, in fine, we measure her achievement on the relative scale, the tale is far different. The general staff sought to force a decision—the means we shall discuss presently—and they have not done so. Indeed, it is now difficult to see how they can do it at all.

The present war is a new and strange thing. There are no standards by which it can be measured. There are some who hold that really decisive battles are of the past, and it is almost certain that while nations fight battles will never again be as decisive as they were. In a few weeks' fighting at the beginning of the war, Austria-Hungary lost nearly twice the total

number of the combatants at Waterloo; but she still fights with vigor. Russia, at this moment, holds a greater number of prisoners than the total number of those engaged at Mukden. On two occasions have battle lines, as apart from lines of entrenchment, been completely pierced without producing any decision, as the term was used before this war. A decision to-day seems to call for the impossible: a speed of manœuvre which is not given, a greater force than can be manœuvred in the area, a heavier bombardment than even the genius of German organization can procure. At Waterloo, a fighting force was so dealt with that its fighting value ceased. But in the retreat from Mons, in the stand against von Morgen before Warsaw, armies fought against heavier odds, and were more roughly handled without putting an end to the fighting force of the nations they represented, or even of the units engaged. What does this mean? We take it to mean that a victory is to-day simply a relative thing: while one side reels, the other is stunned; that one side is incapacitated from taking the offensive for a longer time than the other.

Now apply these principles to the recent offensive in Galicia. The aim of Germany was to produce a decision, an aim which, if what we have said is reasonable, was illusory from the first. She could have had no other aim for the sufficient reason that no other aim will profit her. She entered the war with a vastly greater part of her total force immediately available. Russia and Britain have even now a much smaller proportion of their force available than Germany had of hers at the outset. The consequence of this is that so far as Germany has any chance of final victory it grows daily less and less. Relatively, her force must decrease. She is now more and more striving to give it an adventitious preponderance by the use of huge masses of artillery over small areas, by an immense expenditure of ammunition, by the use of asphyxiating gases, and so on. The massed artillery formation in Galicia is the latest device, and, it must be said at once, it has proved extremely formidable. It has carried her armies across Galicia into Przemyśl. It enabled her to break the Russian line towards Stryj; but the line was healed and the piercing force annihilated. If she could have kept the gap open and poured in some hypothetical force, she would have had the Russian line from Stryj to the east at her mercy. She could then have rolled this line up—and so forth. Up to the present moment there is no suggestion that Brussiloff, or Dimitrieff, or the Russian Staff suffer from the *status lymphaticus*. Indeed, if we could regard the issues with sufficient detachment, it would be pleasurable to show that the Russian tactical movements in the Galician area have again shown more *finesse* than the German.

It is not unduly optimistic to consider that the Germans have put forth their greatest effort against the Galician front. In the immediate future it is difficult to imagine they can strike with any greater violence than they have done in the last month. If, then, they are to secure a decision in the only sense which means anything to them, either the Russians must be worse prepared for the new onset than they were for the last, or

there must be a sudden collapse of Russian fighting power (including generalship), or the Russians must have been driven to positions less defensible than those on which they fought at the end of April. No Russian positions could offer more hostages to fortune than those which she held at the commencement of the new offensive. Her line from the upper Biala ran over the Carpathian crests for some seventy miles or so. Its security depended upon the strength of the Dunajec-Biala line. But this was not a strong line, though the Germans had never contested it for some four months. The Russian line at this moment was nowhere so weak. Przemyśl was its weakest point, and its abandonment will permit of a stronger front being occupied. The Russian movement across the Lubaczovka towards Jaroslav may yet place the German force across the San in peril. The recapture of Sieniawa was a more decisive engagement than the Germans admit. The Germans have retaken Przemyśl: suppose they can secure and entrench the line of the Dniester and the San, which seems the sort of modified success they may now dream of, what have they gained by these weeks of fighting? Strategically and militarily, they have gained hardly anything. While the Russians are free to manœuvre in other directions, it is difficult to see that they would lose by having their enemy pinned to a long defensive line in Eastern Galicia. The lesson of Ivanoff's recent thrust from Opatav against the impetuous Austrians may be assimilated by the Allies with complacency. The Germans have secured no decision; but they have paid the price. Their advance in Galicia has been made in the most costly fashion. If the Russians have lost heavily, the Germans have suffered even more. And it is much the same case as with the navy. If Great Britain and Germany lost equally, Germany would still have lost more. Germany cannot afford to lose as heavily as her enemy; but she staked all on securing a decision. She has bought Galician acres at a price never paid before. And if she should now draw off any appreciable force to hold the gate against the new enemy in the south, even if she should only draw off an appreciable proportion of her heavy guns, there can be little doubt that the Russian line would soon be in motion again; and if she could hold an entrenched line from the San along the Dniester, she might come to realize that she had merely purchased immunity for Hungary at the expense of Silesia.

Germany, if she fails to secure a decision, is worse off than before. She has depleted her reserves of men and munitions lavishly, and their supply is limited. The Russians are growing in strength, both as to *personnel* and as to material. The Russian Staff within the last few days has shown itself as alert and capable as ever. It is almost impossible to believe the Germans can now obtain a result worth the price already paid. They have recaptured Przemyśl. They may even break the Russian line again; but it is difficult to think the same virile brains which have devised so many expedients will not be able to cope with any new situation. And, as we have suggested before, the sorties of a besieged garrison, unless they secure a decision, but make the final issue more certain. In the south, fresh forces are in motion. In the west the Allies hold a number of commanding

points, the advantage of which will appear when the great offensive begins. For the past month the Russians have had to bear what is probably the fiercest attack of the war. That they have so far robbed Germany of the only result which could justify so ample a preparation, and so unstinted an outpouring of blood should impress us still more with the fighting qualities of our Eastern Allies.

A London Diary.

It is clear from the temper of the House of Commons that the new Government is not going to be taken on trust. Coalitions have no friends; their human surroundings consist for the most part of critics, expectant heirs, and disappointed beneficiaries. Their strength therefore lies in their ability to satisfy the first two classes, and reduce the importance of the third—in other words, in their real efficiency. But when convenience comes in at the door efficiency flies out at the window. So, if the Cabinet was not strong because party interest ruled it, the Under-Secretaries and other subordinates are weaker still. Mr. J. M. Robertson, one of the best furnished minds in England, gives place to Captain Pretyma, Mr. Lloyd George's old opponent on land. The Local Government Board is divided between Mr. Walter Long and Mr. Hayes Fisher, a singularly poor manning of a great public service. Some of the freshest brains in the old Government are dispensed with, and some very tired ones substituted. Much promise on the Opposition side is left out, and of what is included some is wrongly placed. Take Lord Robert Cecil. In my view he is the future leader of the Conservative Party. With some faults of temper, he is a singularly able and honest man, and he is a great worker. But, above all, he possesses the Cabinet mind, and would have been a great strength there. I don't say he is thrown away at the Foreign Office, but his appointment, like many others, does not represent a true application of available force.

MEANWHILE, the new Administration entrenches itself. Most people accept the proposal to omit the process of re-election for new Ministers. They would not be opposed, for one thought holds the nation, and the needless embarrassment of a new organ of Government is not part of it. But it is thought to be much too strong a step to provide that no such consultation of the electorate shall take place till the war is over, and I am glad that this extreme course is to be avoided. Supposing a victimized Minister resigns, as Lord Haldane resigned, or an incompetent one, or a grave debate arises as to the conduct of the campaign, followed by a shifting of posts and responsibilities? Such changes and chances are bound to occur, in spite of the devoutly expressed belief to the contrary. Is the country—now without a formal Opposition or a free press—to be reserved no avenue of criticism? That is too strong doctrine, even for times

when so much independent thinking and doing are cheerfully surrendered.

As to Liberals, their main attitude to the Government, like that of the rest of the country, will be governed by events. A good many of them are "on guard." Especially after Mr. George's speech, they do not know what ground is safe and what is threatened. Home Rule they certainly regard as formally settled, and they would not accept a Unionist as Lord Chancellor or Viceroy or Attorney-General, for they would consider it a re-occupation, in the interests of the theory of conquest, of territory given over to self-government. Moreover, they are not prepared for a breach with the Irish, whom they regard as an integral part of the army which won the battles of 1906 onwards. So with Conscription. If there are heretics here and there, the mass stands firm, for they know that trade unionism is a sure ally, and they believe that the case for Conscription is rejected (a) by Liberal leaders like Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey, and (b) by Lord Kitchener. But there is a feeling that they should keep their powder dry, and their associations going. This will not be easy, for many officials have been drafted off for war work of various kinds, and subscriptions are not plentiful. But they will refuse to disband; and the practical disarmament of the Central Office will not, I think, extend to the Federation and its branches.

It will be interesting to discover what the "nucleus"—the inner Cabinet—of the new Government will be. It can hardly be purely Liberal, and it is safe to say that Mr. Balfour will be a member of it. I imagine that, under the old Ministry, the Prime Minister, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Lloyd George, Lord Haldane, and Mr. Churchill constituted such a power within, exercising the real force of Government, and sharing only the commoner knowledge with their colleagues of the outer world. Mr. Churchill is now necessarily excluded from such a gathering, as Mr. Balfour, by temperament and personal associations, is included in it. It is also easier to think of Mr. Austen Chamberlain, or Lord Lansdowne, or of both together, as joined in the inner Government than to imagine Mr. Bonar Law in the company. And even then there cannot be a perfect community between the new adherents and the old, for there is the great bar of past secrets.

THE labor situation could, I am sure, be eased by visits from trade unionists returned from the trenches. A miner who has received the V.C. has just returned to his home in the Midlands. Why should not he and men like him go to the big centres and address their fellow workmen, describing the life at the front and the urgent need for the full co-operation of the men at home? Why neglect a form of appeal so legitimate and telling? Instead of White Papers and employers' charges, let workmen speak to workmen.

A WAYFARER.

THE NEW EUROPE.

II.—HISTORICAL SENTIMENT.

NATIONALITY is a "will to co-operate," and a nation is a group of men bound together by the immanence of this impulse in each individual. This was the conclusion we reached in a previous article on German and British national ideals, and we believe that no more specific definition will cover all the phenomena. Yet if we must be content to leave the sphere and purpose of national co-operation thus uncertain, we may at least inquire more closely who are the individuals that co-operate, what combination of wills it is that endows the national group with that terrific spiritual force which is convulsing Europe at this moment.

The word "nation" suggests primarily a concrete aggregate of people habitually in touch with one another, capable any day of reading the same poetry or the same newspaper, of celebrating the same festival, of having the same referendum put to them, or of electing the same political representative. We think of Nationality, in fact, as the will of the living members of the community; only on second thoughts do we realize that this contemporary generation, which monopolizes with such assurance the visible scene, is but the fleeting incarnation of a force infinitely vaster than itself.

It is this will bequeathed by the past that gives its incalculable momentum to the will of the present. Like a church, a nation is strong in its cloud of unseen witnesses, and the world turns to their testimony when it would pass judgment on the living generation or speculate on what the future may bring forth.

We shall admit, then, without hesitation, that in the life of a nation, just as in that of an individual, past experience conditions to an overwhelming degree each present moment as it comes and goes, and that the absence of tradition and, still more, a positive break with the past, are always symptoms of weakness and defect in the ideals of the contemporary generation. But there is a class of argument, very commonly employed in "World-Politics," which goes far beyond this inference. Instead of merely requiring for the present the sanction of the past, people often set past and present over against each other, and justify by an appeal to history the most ruthless attempts to obstruct, combat, and crush the actual will of great bodies of living men.

The notable contest between the Papacy and the Italian nation in the nineteenth century was fought out on this issue. The inhabitants of the Papal States had become conscious of their nationality. In an overwhelming majority they wished to be united politically with the other Italians beyond the Papal frontiers; spiritually they were already absorbed in the Italian nation, and not merely their will, but the will of this larger society was in question. Political unity was the supreme desire of the nation as a whole, and the Pope was thwarting the aspirations of the whole nation and not only those of his own subjects, when he forcibly hindered the latter from entering the national state.

The Papal answer to this was "*si argumentum requiris circumspecte*." "Look at the monuments of the Eternal City, the temples of Imperial Rome, the churches of Papal Rome, and think of the tradition embodied in

these imperishable works of men's hands. Twice Rome has stretched her sceptre over the world, and endowed it with an international state and an international religion. She has possessed herself of mankind's allegiance, and thereby become herself their common possession. She is eternal and infinite: she belongs to no single tribe or generation. How then can these transitory dwellers on her hills, this insignificant section of mankind that inhabits the narrow peninsula on which she is planted, how can they claim to dispose of her as their own? If the claims of Italian nationality and the claims of Rome are mutually exclusive, who can doubt which ought to prevail?"

The Italian Risorgimento did indeed conclude a very long and wonderful chapter in Rome's history. When the Italian troops marched through the Porta Pia in 1870, Gregorovius, the chronicler of the medieval papacy, broke off his diary. A scholar of alien birth, he entered more than any living man into the past of Rome as opposed to her present, and for him the Rome in which he had sojourned for a life-time was dead. Yet no one would seriously claim that to save Gregorovius' historical sentiment millions of Italians ought to have been baulked of their political aspirations, although he obviously voiced the past with far greater single-mindedness than the Papal Government.

The past, after all, is dead. It cannot speak for itself, and if it is to assert itself against the present, it needs a spokesman in the present to be its advocate. But how are we to be sure that this champion is not really grinding his own axe? Gregorovius was as nearly disinterested as a partisan can be, but what of the protagonist, the Papacy? The Papal apologists who mobilized Rome's past glory on their behalf, stood primarily for a tenaciously living vested interest, the Temporal Power, a current political system which gave office, influence, and honor to a ring of clerical monopolists. In a secondary degree they stood for a nobler, but no less finite and contemporary corporation, the Roman Catholic Church.

Between the Italian nation and the Papal bureaucracy there could be no co-ordination. They were two mutually incompatible political forces, and if the case of each were pleaded on its own merits, there could be no question which ought to go to the wall. The Papacy deliberately appealed to history in order to disguise a sinister political interest in a masque of idealism, and so enable it to encounter the genuinely idealistic movement of the Risorgimento on its own ground. As for Napoleon III. and the Hapsburg Government, which both supported, when it suited them, the Ultramontane plea, they were simply playing the common, sordid game of international politics, and scheming to hinder the birth of a consolidated national power on their flanks, which would inevitably circumscribe the sphere of either's influence.

With examples like these before us, we may almost take it as an axiom that whenever a cause invokes historical sentiment on its behalf, that cause is bankrupt of arguments reasonably applicable to the actual situation. European nationalism is prolific of such appeals at this moment, and in almost every instance we can spy the cloven hoof.

The Turks cannot part with Adrianople, because the tombs of their Sultans are there; but they did not discover that this was one of the holy places of Islam till the Bulgars were on the point of making good their claim to the city on cogent geographical grounds. The Magyars have a passion for the "Crown of St. Stephen." The territory bequeathed to the nation by the national hero must remain for ever "one and indivisible." "So be it," we retort: "let Hungary be inviolate. But why base her boundaries on a title-deed nine centuries old?" And then we learn that the Saint's prestige has to stem the aspirations of more than half the population, who are non-Magyar in nationality, and are justifiably eager to violate the unity of his antiquated realm.

The most reckless dealers in historical sentiment are the Germans. Why have they been so anxious latterly to proclaim Modern Germany the heir of the Medieval Empire, which Goethe regarded as a melancholy comedy, and Bismarck as a dangerous memory prejudicial to the prestige of the Prussian state? Because the boundary of that empire, unearthed from the dead past and blazoned across the page of patriotic German atlases, fetters to the "Fatherland" masses of Dutchmen, Belgians, Frenchmen, Italians, and Swiss, who are unshakably devoted to their own nationality, and could not plausibly be torn from the political community of their unalterable choice by any pretext drawn from the contemporary situation.

The absurdity of such a claim is revealed by the ease with which it can be reversed, for since Belgium and Germany are both of them living nations, sprung from the same decayed empire of the Middle Ages, Belgium has on this count just as good or as bad a claim in logic to annex Germany as Germany to annex Belgium.

But Germany's most potent sentimental claim to Belgium is not derived from the Holy Roman Empire. Historical titles essentially depend upon prescription, yet prescriptive rights of this kind can be acquired by an "intensive process." "Belgium cannot be given up," Herr Dernburg argued to the American public, "because of the untold blood and treasure spent by the German people in its acquisition." Thousands of German soldiers slain on Belgian soil and buried beneath it in one short season, cast a German lien upon the land as valid as century-long claims of ordinary "legal" reversion.

This argument surpasses all. If men gain titles for their nation by dying for it, have not the Belgians, who died to save their nationality, created a historical claim more compelling than the Germans who died merely to destroy a nationality not their own? Or, again, if heroic deeds yield a harvest of political advantage, surely foul deeds bring a corresponding forfeit in their train; and if this be so, the public crimes recorded in the report of Lord Bryce's Committee not only cancel any German claims to Belgium whatsoever, but impugn Germany's own right to untrammelled national liberty hereafter.

Here we see historical sentiment at its worst. It can hypnotize a whole nation into calling evil good. We must strip the glamor remorselessly from this deadly hallucination, and display the German claim to Belgium for what it is—a determination to hold by brute force what was won by brute force, and by nothing else.

ARNOLD TOYNBEE.

Life and Letters.

"WHO ARE THE SLACKERS?"

THOSE who contend that compulsion, applied either to the military or the industrial services of this country, can materially increase our power to bring this war to a successful end have not reckoned with the facts of the situation. The tendency to represent all able-bodied men who are not enlisted in the forces or making munitions of war as slackers and shirkers who ought to be rounded up for "national service" is based on a complete misapprehension of the nature of our national undertaking. If, as is probably the case, we have already over two and a-half million men in arms, and are able to raise by voluntary appeal something like another half-million, this may well be taken as the maximum number this country can afford for the fighting services, having regard to her other needs and obligations. For, in the first place, as everybody is aware, we have not been able to keep pace with this voluntary enlistment in the rate of our increasing output of arms and ammunition. "But," the advocates of compulsory service may say, "it is our chief object to take large numbers of able-bodied men from other industries in order to put them into the trades that make munitions of war." Now, apart from the difficulty and delay in providing more plant and in preparing large numbers of unskilled and unspecialized workers for skilled and specialized work, this notion of depleting the general industry of the country for the enlarged production of arms and munitions rests on the wholly false assumption that the ordinary working population of the country are doing nothing to assist the successful conduct of the war, and so are capable of being drawn without damage into the fighting or munition services. But this is not true. If, as is generally held, the supply of munitions, food, clothing, transport, and other essentials of war, requires the services of two workers for every man in the fighting field, this implies not only that some five million workers are taken out of the ordinary work of supplying the needs of the civil population, but that several millions more are required to furnish them with the subsistence that enables them to perform "national service." These latter in their turn must be provided with subsistence, and so it becomes evident that all the workers engaged in maintaining the material and human fabric of our economic system are contributing as surely and as importantly to the success of the war as the men in the fighting line.

In other words, it is unsound national and military economy to try to disturb the proper adjustment between the military, the munition-making, and the ordinary employments of the nation, all three of which are equally essential to the conduct of the war. The greatest male occupations of this country are agriculture, mining, railways, building, engineering, cotton, shoe-making, woollen industries, clothes-making, grocery, drapery, inn and hotel service, teaching and official services. Nobody can seriously suggest that any of these occupations, with the exception of the last five, could safely or advantageously be reduced in order to increase the army of the munition trades. Indeed, it is evident that some of these trades have already been injuriously diminished by the recklessly applied recruiting energy early in the war.

But, it may reasonably be said, granting that it is dangerous to let down the fundamental industries, there are many luxury trades and other strictly unnecessary branches of production and distribution from which

soldiers and munition-makers could be "commandeered." This contention, however, is subject to two important qualifications. Many of our trades providing "unnecessaries" or luxuries are export trades. Now these exports are the means by which we buy and pay for the supplies of goods, raw materials, and munitions of war which come to us from America and elsewhere. To remove men compulsorily from these trades, in order to set them to fight or make munitions, would add a good deal less than nothing to our aggregate war-power, because these men would be less serviceable in their new position than in making goods which paid for our American supplies. Moreover, these men, once enlisted, would be larger and more wasteful "consumers" than heretofore, and would require a larger expenditure of the productive energy of their fellow-countrymen to supply their requirements.

Calm consideration of the actually available resources of the nation does not support the view that it would be possible, by the difficult and objectionable application of "forced register" and compulsion, to add any appreciable value to our national contribution towards the war. Hasty militarists, who compare the proportion of our men-at-arms with that of France or Germany, neglect the most important factor in our situation. We are undertaking far more than our share of the finance of the war, advancing great sums of money to our Allies and our Colonies. This aspect in itself disables us from putting in the field so large a proportion of our able-bodied men as we might otherwise have done. For all these loans or other monetary contributions mean orders for arms or other military and naval supplies, which have to be met directly or indirectly out of our material resources. We are making arms, ammunition, and clothing, not only for our troops, but for our Allies, and we are honoring their bills in neutral countries for other goods which they require. Some of this assistance can no doubt be given by recalling from abroad our "floating" capital, and by realizing American securities. But a great deal of it has to be provided out of the current output of our national industries. Out of our income we are called upon to provide for the upkeep, not only of our own fighting services, but of those of our Allies. This involves the maintenance of our ordinary industries at a higher level than would otherwise have been necessary. That is why a larger proportion of our men than of theirs must be kept out of the fighting and munition-making services, in order to "finance" the war. At a time when the official returns indicate that virtually the whole of the working population are engaged in earning the national income, so as to finance the war, it is mere impertinence for well-to-do men and women to go about stigmatizing as shirkers or cowards the men engaged in this essential work.

There will be those who will arraign our statement of the economic harmonies as too perfect to be true. And they will have some right upon their side. It would be feasible in theory, and perhaps in practice, for our nation to make some further additions to its war-service. It would be possible, out of the trades, industries, and services which supply luxuries or unnecessaries, not for foreign markets, but for the consumption of our own population, to divert some human energy into the fighting and munition services. But to put the whole of this nation under the *régime* of compulsory registers, with elaborate committees of inquisition into the ability of each man's present occupation and his personal qualifications for doing something different, would be a clumsy, ineffective, and irritating way of getting what is wanted. What is required is not compulsion brought to bear upon the trader, but measures of national finance directed to

reduce the consumption of luxuries or unnecessaries, thereby setting free the producers and distributors of these articles for enlistment or other useful employment. If this country is to support the colossal expenditure which it has undertaken, amounting to at least one thousand millions for a single year, it will be obliged to draw by voluntary loans or by taxation into the State coffers the greater part of the national income usually available for expenditure upon comforts and luxuries, both on the part of the well-to-do and of the working classes. If we are to meet a deficit amounting to some 780 millions (after allowing for the revenue from existing war-taxes), the Government will be compelled to obtain by borrowing or by increased taxes an additional sum of several hundred millions. Whether this money is raised by voluntary war loans or by forced levies, it will proportionately reduce the national expenditure on unnecessaries, so diverting, by a natural process, a flow of employment from the damaged occupations into the recruiting booth, the munitions firms, and the trades which are helping to sustain the country in its need. Though this process of adjustment may not work absolutely smoothly, it will produce the desired result far more effectively than by the sudden adoption of Prussian regimentation in a country which rightly boasts itself to be fighting for freedom.

"SCHRECK!"

"THE Zeppelins have come!" cried the charwoman last Tuesday morning, calling up the family rather earlier than usual, so as to be first with the news. For she seemed to regard herself as one whose feet are beautiful upon the mountains.

All that day those outlying districts of London upon which the Zeppelins had dropped their ninety bombs, appeared equally radiant and exhilarated. Crowds never ceased to stare at the spots where a bomb had fallen. A church from the roof of which the concussion had shaken a wooden springer was thronged with an unwonted congregation, which could hardly claim the title of worshippers. A long-disused factory which had been burnt out rose from its ruins into industrial importance, and all day long the phrase "completely gutted" passed proudly from mouth to mouth. An insignificant shop sprang into fame as suddenly as Joffre or Hindenburg because a bomb had lodged flaring in its rafters just before the owners went to bed. In front of one mean house, four "Tommies" in khaki had astutely stationed themselves, refusing admission to view the ruins without official leave, which leave could be obtained only from themselves, but was courteously conceded to applicants wearing the appearance of a shilling in their pockets. And from morn till dewy eve the joyful excitement of question and story and laughter and escape and horrified amazement never lost a second of the time.

To be sure, four poor people, who were alive on Monday night, were lying dead on Tuesday, and everyone was sorry. But death does not diminish a popular and pleasurable excitement, and in times like these what is one death per million?

Now a Zeppelin is, we believe, about 600 feet long, has a maximum diameter of about 75 feet, is built on a rigid interior framework, and buoyed up by interior "ballonets" at the centre, containing hydrogen. It can travel 55 miles an hour, can maintain an altitude of 10,000 feet for about 400 miles, and is considered out of

range at 6,000 feet. It is believed to be capable of carrying more than two tons, including about thirty men and fifty "torpedoes," to say nothing of the light incendiary bombs. It can dispatch wireless messages for about 150 miles, and has the advantage over the aeroplane, that it can remain stationary, and so is capable of more accurate aim and observation. It takes about four months to build, and costs about £10,000. At the beginning of the war Germany was believed to possess ten, of which about half are known to have been destroyed. She is now said to possess many more. We have no wish to underrate the danger. If a hundred Zeppelins, capable of discharging 5,000 explosive shells, besides incendiary bombs, were to arrive simultaneously over London, they would probably massacre at least ten times as many unarmed and peaceful people as were sunk with the "Lusitania." And they might possibly burn a good many of our streets, causing much inconvenience to the inhabitants and shopkeepers, besides heavy loss to insurance companies.

Though we do not believe such an invasion would bring Germany one single degree nearer to final victory, it might be a terrible thing for us. But "raids," carried out by one or two of these expensive and rather risky machines—what purpose does the enemy imagine them to serve? Some say the Zeppelins come for practice, some for reconnaissance (a difficult thing by night), some in a vague hope of hitting something important, some for the enjoyment of killing a few English people without much danger, just as nasty children enjoy killing flies. But most people believe they come to cause panic—perhaps to induce us to keep more men and aeroplanes back from our fighting lines—but, in any case, to cause panic, to spread a "Schreck" or sudden horror, and so to shake the country's confidence and compel all classes to clamor for peace.

It is queer that the Germans, with their ancestral aptitude for philosophy, and their profound study of the human mind still maintained in their numerous universities, should repeatedly have fallen into errors of this kind during the last year. It seems to reveal regions of thought which philosophy does not reach, though they lie about us. It reminds one of the enthusiastic young philanthropist who felt sure she could deal with "the poor" because she had taken "firsts" in moral philosophy and economics at Cambridge. If an enemy, calculating on a panic by "Schreck," had wandered about these districts last Tuesday, how salutary would have been his disillusionment! He might have returned home to rewrite the chapters on "Fear" in his "Psychologisches Handbuch" in twenty volumes. For where he looked for "Schreck" he would have found a pleasurable interest, and a stoical cheerfulness where he looked for "Niedergeschlagenheit."

We hear of a few vain candidates for earthly immortality who rush to purchase respirators and tremble alike to walk in upper air or penetrate the bowels of the earth by Tube. They have our pity, but respirators are seldom becoming, and most people are too busy to bother about danger. The risk to one life among so many millions looks very small, and up to a certain point, the risk is pleasant. Nearly everyone likes having his flesh made to creep in moderation. Risk restores that "spice of adventure" which had almost been eliminated from city and suburban life, and the routine clerk rises in imagination to a coach which highwaymen threaten, or a ship upon the pirate-haunted main. To encounter risk, and escape, even with little damage, endows insignificance, as we have seen, with personality, and may well provide conversation for a life-time. "Shoulders his crutch, and shows how

fields are won"—how enviable an old age destiny bestows on the man who can do that! But he who in after years displays beneath a glass case some fragment of a bomb which kindled his counterpane in May, 1915, will partake of similar glory. In one of these districts dwells a boy who, hearing a bomb crash through the roof, rushed from his garret bed, fell right through the hole that the bomb had burnt in the stairs, fell on the top of the blazing bomb itself, and was only rescued from burning by a courageous neighbor. Upon him the Zeppelin has bestowed an endowment already surpassing a six weeks' wage in consolatory pennies, and likely to yield augmented glory with the years. Nor will the courageous neighbor's reward fall much behind.

Apart from wounds and death, most of our men in France and Flanders are now having the time of their lives. Never before have they been so well-fed, clothed, doctored, washed, looked after, and made much of. It is a national disgrace that this should be so; not a disgrace that they should be thus looked after in war, but that it is only in war, when they are being prepared to kill or be killed, that such attention and opportunity for welfare are granted them. But their advantages are not only physical. For the first time, most of them learn the meaning of a full and varied life, abounding in fresh knowledge and vivid experience. Nearly everybody feels a sort of inward satisfaction in being "at the front." It comes partly from man's inborn desire for self-sacrifice, which is, perhaps, the chief motive of our voluntary enlistment. But partly it comes from the natural desire for life "at a high power"—life in sharp contact with great and stirring realities. "Our interest's on the dangerous edge of things," said Bishop Blougram. He was speaking of spiritual matters, but his saying holds for things temporal quite as well, and with a crisis of danger there often comes an intense realization of life, which, if death is escaped, not only reveals a new value in all subsequent existence, but possesses in itself a value to counterbalance much horror and fear. "Dulce Periculum" is the well-worn motto of an ancient clan, and one of our very youngest poets has just cried:—

"O take me, break me, peaceless life!
My soul was born to welcome strife."

Something of this love of danger was felt, we may be sure, in those "outlying districts" over which the Zeppelins endeavored to diffuse their "Schreck." They brought a splendor of variety into common life. To all within reach they spoke the universal appeal of death and danger. A great thinker, who lived for many years among our working people, once said (perhaps with some affectation, perhaps in irony), "Death is the poetry of the poor." If that is even ironically true, it is certainly truer that a danger flying by midnight supplies a fine dash of poetic emotion. It inspires that feeling of being "at the front." It indefinitely heightens the realization of existence, casting over the common streets and occupations a glamor of the cinematograph. Two or three years ago, when Hyde Park was laid out in cavalry camps for the Coronation or some other State function, an admiring crowd had gathered to watch the soldiers washing and cleaning their teeth. "Ah," cried one worthy citizen exultingly to another, "this is indeed like war!" If he heard the Zeppelins flutter over his roof last Monday night, or if his house was ruined by their bombs, how much more genuine cause for exultation these events must have given him!

Music.

TCHAIKOVSKI'S "PIQUE-DAME."

MR. VLADIMIR ROSING, during his season at the London Opera House, is to give us not only the earliest of Russian "national" operas—Glinka's "A Life for the Tzar"—but two or three of the works, such as Tchaikovsky's "Pique-Dame" and "Eugen Onegin," and Rachmaninov's "Aleko," of the school that has deliberately preferred eclecticism to nationalism in music. "Eugen Onegin" has already been given several times in this country. "Pique-Dame," with which Mr. Rosing began his season last Saturday, was on that occasion given for the first time in England. Of the chances of its continued popularity here one could not judge from that performance, the almost interminable delays between the scenes creating a feeling of weariness and disillusion that must have influenced everyone's feelings about the opera itself. "Pique-Dame," however, has had twenty-five years of life in Russia and Germany, and in spite of its almost too obvious faults there is plainly a good deal of vitality in it. Tchaikovsky is almost exclusively known in England as a concert room composer. Most people will be surprised to learn, however, that he wrote almost as many operas as Wagner; and three or four of them at least remain in the Russian repertory, which is something of a paradox when one considers that Tchaikovsky had very few of the virtues of the musical dramatist, and almost every vice a dramatist should not have. His passion for the stage was the outcome not even of the symphonist but of the song writer in him. Each one of his operas, filed down to its bare dramatic and psychological essentials, is simply some half-dozen monologues and duets; and these are merely expansions of the semi-lyrical, semi-narrative song style in which he has achieved some poignant little masterpieces for voice and piano.

From the Wagnerian infection he remained free all his life long; there was no room in his clear-cut intelligence for problems either of German dramatic form or of German metaphysics. His own ideal was always that of the Mozartian Italian opera, with a naked and unashamed separation of the work into arias, duets, choruses, and so on, and an abundant vocal cantilena, with the orchestra discreetly acting as pedestal to the statue. That form is not the quintessence of musico-dramatic logic, but that it is a good enough form for most practical purposes is proved by the vitality of a large number of the operas written in it. Tchaikovsky, however, often uses it with singularly little dramatic sense. The real drama of "Pique-Dame," for instance, could easily be compressed into an hour's action; the rest is stage padding, merely intended to fill out the opera to the dimensions of a full evening's entertainment. The relevance of some of the episodes to the main dramatic thread is often of the slightest; the chorus in the Petrograd Summer Garden, for example, or the rococo interlude in the ball-room scene, could easily have been fitted with equal appropriateness into "Eugen Onegin." The truth is that Tchaikovsky was interested in dramatic music, as in concert music, only so far as it gave him opportunities for voicing himself. There is an interesting passage in one of his letters to Frau von Meck, in which he speaks of the impossibility of his ever being able to compose music to such a text as "Aida." These Egyptians mean nothing to him; no subject could interest him unless it contained the kind of men and women he himself knew and understood. He had, in fact, none whatever of the dramatist's faculty of getting into the skin of all sorts of people; the only person he really knew and felt for was himself, and wherever his music is dramatically expressive he is simply giving voice to his own weary, suffering, discouraged soul. He excelled in the portrayal of the weaker, more visionary, more ecstatic side of female character, and in Joan of Arc and the Tatiana of "Eugen Onegin," he has given us two remarkable studies of this type. His most successful men are either simply the male of this species—the gloomy, self-centred youths who stalk sombrely through

most of the early nineteenth century romantic literature of Europe—or people like Kotchubey in "Mazeppa," who are momentarily at the extremity of human suffering.

Tchaikovsky, in truth, was a Romantic born out of due time. His emotional world was largely that of Lermontov and Pushkin; in Russia, as in Germany, the typical Romantic spirit did not find expression in music till a generation or so after it had worked itself out in literature. No later painter than the young Delacroix could have conceived Onegin and Lensky and Herman as Tchaikovsky has conceived them. He is never happy in opera until the opportunity comes to be miserable; then he throws himself into the real business of composition with a sort of gloomy ecstasy. Everything else in the operas is mere marking-time and filling-in—often done, like the Daphnis and Chloe incident in "Pique-Dame," with all the delicate charm that Tchaikovsky, a prince of stylists, could lavish upon a small, unreal subject when he chose to amuse himself for a moment with the prettinesses of life, but obviously only a self-conscious *tour de force*. So overmastering is his bias towards grief that, give him the slightest pretext to pour out his complaint against life, and he will seize upon it to the total forgetting of the general march and proportion of the drama.

Of this a striking example is the song of Pauline, the heroine Lisa's companion, in the second scene of "Pique-Dame." The scene itself is just a typical specimen of Tchaikovsky's stage padding; he has to do something to fill in the time between Herman's parting from Lisa at the end of the first scene and his meeting with her in the second, so he shows us Lisa and her girl companions amusing themselves with song and play in her room. So much might have been done by any librettist and any composer; the curious thing with Tchaikovsky is that, his poet having given Pauline a sadly-worded little stanza to sing as a preliminary to an outburst of lively Russian folk-song, the composer fills it with such an intensity of grief that the whole balance of the characters and the action is upset not only for the moment but for some time afterwards. The casual hearer, listening to the opera for the first time, is inevitably made to think that Pauline is the central female character of the drama, and that her woe of the moment is somehow bound up with the central tragedy of it. Yet Pauline is merely a companion, whom one never sees or hears of again in the whole of the rest of the opera. Any other composer's sense of dramatic proportion would have made him keep so small and really irrelevant a lyrical movement in the background; but for Tchaikovsky the opportunity for the luxury of tears is too precious to be thrown away. Pauline, blighted, frustrated, is simply himself. No doubt he would have preferred to pour out his misery through the mouth of Lisa had the chance been given him; but Lisa not being available, and Tchaikovsky being charged to the brim with tears, some one, as the vulgar say, has to go through it. Pauline is simply Tchaikovsky mourning for his bromide and refusing to be comforted. We have an example of the same complete lack of the sense of dramatic proportion at the end of the first scene of the second Act—the scene at the ball that terminates the Daphnis and Chloe interlude. Chorus and orchestra work up steadily to an exciting climax. Something very important, says the spectator to himself, is going to happen at last—something that will affect the fate of every actor in the drama. What happens is simply that the Tzaritsa enters without saying a word—the Tzaritsa, who has not appeared before in the opera and will not appear again, and whose name does not even figure in the list of *dramatis personæ*.

I have said that where Tchaikovsky is at his best in his operas he is just expressing himself—the tired, baffled, self-doubting being who is shown us in such fascinating detail and completeness in his correspondence. Had I the resource of musical type I could show how this character of his is inwrought into the very tissue of his melodies. Musicians unconsciously write themselves with subtle certainty upon almost every phrase, and a skilled detective mind could generally recognize any composer

from a dozen or so of melodies that he had never heard before. Tchaikovsky's typical melodies—the melodies in which he is not merely playing elegantly with life, as in the delightful "Casse-Noisette" suite, but speaking of himself with the utmost conviction—have a curious note in them that I can only describe as discouragement. They are always trying to rise, and always falling back. All music, of course, is made up of ascending and descending phrases; the peculiar quality of the typical Tchaikovsky melody comes, not from the mere decline after the attempt at ascent, but from the spiritual weariness that this subtly connotes. The most familiar instance is the opening theme of the "Pathetic Symphony"—a weary Sisyphus for ever painfully pushing the stone up the hill, and for ever finding it rolling back upon him. It is in melodies of this type that Tchaikovsky always paints his nerve-broken, world-weary hero or heroine; in "Pique-Dame," for example, we have them in the typical Herman theme that accompanies his first entrance upon the scene, in the song of Pauline, in the F major and the F sharp minor sections of Herman's declaration of love in the second scene, in the sinister orchestral theme that runs through most of the fourth scene (in the Countess's room)—a subject that, as well as its developments, might have come straight out of the "Pathetic"—and in several other themes. Tchaikovsky is really only vital as a dramatist or an illustrator when this kind of picture is given him to paint. How completely he is at a loss at other times is shown by the utter failure, as either psychological or pictorial sign-posts, of the themes that represent the "three cards" and the prophecy as to the third lover that shall win the secret of them from the Countess. Hundreds of composers of much less than Tchaikovsky's general gifts could have hit upon themes much more characteristic than these. On the other hand, the full strength of the man comes out whenever the stage conditions approach those of the song. The old Countess's murmuring of the fragment from Grétry's opera "Richard Cœur-de-Lion" is extraordinarily effective, and Madame Slava Krassavina's singing of this was perhaps the most perfectly successful thing in a performance that as a whole was generally capable if nowhere dazzling.

ERNEST NEWMAN.

Letters from Abroad.

WHAT AMERICA IS THINKING.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Everything has been eclipsed in importance this week by the sinking of the "Lusitania." It is impossible to exaggerate the resentment which was felt in this country. It was agreed by everyone that if Congress had been sitting, a declaration of war would have been immediately proposed, and possibly carried. As it was, President Wilson was, for the moment, an absolute monarch. He, and he only, was in a position to act, and, like the strong man which he undoubtedly is, he acted without consulting a soul. He shut himself up for several days, and saw no one. The only engagement which he fulfilled was the delivery of his address at Philadelphia to new-comers to America. That had obviously been written, and probably sent to the newspapers, a long time before, and had no reference to the "Lusitania." But it contained a phrase, probably intended to explain or at least allude to his Mexican policy, which seemed somewhat unfortunate in connection with the "Lusitania." He said: "There is such a thing as being too proud to fight." This was, in some quarters, immediately interpreted as referring to the "Lusitania," and greeted with a storm of disapproval. When, however, it was announced that it did not bear on this question, and still more when the text of his letter to Germany was made public, opinion changed. On the whole, it is now felt that America, through her President, has said what she ought to say, and has taken a line of which she will not afterwards be ashamed.

The facts which stand out clear are that the Pre-

sident has taken the highest possible line. He has not demanded that the Germans should cease sinking passenger ships because of the interest of Americans, but on grounds of right and wrong. It is generally considered that if the Germans refuse to promise that they will abstain from the sinking of merchant ships, the probability that the United States will consider a declaration of war is very great. There are those who think that Germany wishes to entangle America in the war. I cannot believe that this is true—Germany has enough on her hands—and I am inclined to think that another view, which is also widely suggested, is more probable. The German submarine policy has been, on the whole, as great a failure as the English blockade has been a success. That blockade, is, in point of fact, the one pre-eminently successful thing which the Allies have carried out. The only result of the German submarine campaign has been that Germany has incurred the unfavorable opinion of the whole neutral world. Probably she would like to stop it, or, at all events, to reduce its proportions. But this she cannot do without appearing to acknowledge failure. It is, therefore, probable that she will do one of two things. Either she will make the concession as an act of grace to America, and endeavor by that means to recover some of her lost ground in American opinion; or she will offer the compromise of no longer sinking any passenger ships, while reserving her right to deal with transports and merchant ships without passengers. In that case, the American liners of all nationalities would be safe.

It is probable, I think, that this compromise would be accepted by America, but if it be not made, and if Germany keeps to her previous attitude of refusing to make any concessions to any one, or endeavors to bargain that England shall also give up her blockade, the next ship bearing Americans which is sunk by a submarine will probably mean a declaration of war by America. I am not sure that this would not be equally true if they sink another big passenger ship, even if it had no Americans on board.

I do not think that you in England at all appreciate the nature of American opinion. There is considerable difference of opinion as to the wisdom or the greatness of British policy before the war, and I think that many Americans believe that the blame for the war taking place at all must be divided more or less equally among the various countries of Europe, not excluding England. But with regard to everything that has happened since the war began, sympathy has been entirely on the side of the Allies. This has now reached such a pitch that more than half the people one meets are ready for America to go into the war, in spite of the fact that they do not think that she has anything whatever to gain by doing so. People talk in Europe of the mercantile instincts of America. But I was never in any country where the pursuit—sometimes the almost extravagant pursuit—of high ideals is so prominent a feature of public and private life as it is in America, and this is true not only of Cambridge and Boston, but, so far as I am able to see, of New York and Chicago. It is a mistake to judge America from its municipal politics, which are bad chiefly because the best men have other things to do. As soon as it comes to big questions, the men who take the lead in America and have the people behind them are the men with high ideals.—Yours, &c.,

KIRSOPP LAKE.

May 8th-15th.

Letters to the Editor.

ITALY AND DALMATIA.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The intervention of Italy in the war has been greeted by the whole English Press in a spirit that shows how deeply the English people understand and appreciate the motives which have prompted her to stake the lives of hundreds of thousands of her sons, her own future as a nation, and the safety of her artistic treasures for the

common cause. The article "Italy Our Ally" in your last issue is, among the many I have read in these last days, perhaps the one in which this spirit finds its strongest and clearest expression. And the appreciation of the work of Italian diplomacy given by your correspondent in Rome is particularly welcome to the heart of Italians, who had always trusted the men who are to-day the leaders of the nation, but knew how hard their work was, how fraught with difficulties, temptations, and responsibilities.

In sad contrast to all this stands the letter by Mr. Seton-Watson, the latest of a series that the eminent Jugo-Slavophil scholar and a small band of other academical thinkers have been scattering in the English Press during the last two months. It is hard for us Italians in England, who have seen our country denounced by them as an imperialistic nation and "the apt pupil of Prussian *Realpolitik*," in times of anxiety and expectation, and even during that "week of passion" in which the Italian people found its soul again and willingly vowed itself to the sacrifice of war, it is hard for us, now that England and Italy are comrades in arms and have a right to talk freely to each other, to conceal how pained we were, and still are, by the absolute lack of understanding that these writers have shown for the Italian side of the Dalmatian problem and the attitude of the Italian peoples towards it. Mr. Seton-Watson seems to be suffering from a peculiar intellectual disease, well known to University circles: that of being unable to understand any human feeling or interest outside the scope of the subject on which he is an authority. The effects of this disease are, in purely scientific matters, the disrespect of clear evidence when it contrasts with our own hypotheses, and the distortion of truth. In matters connected with the political and moral life of men the effects are the same, though the consequences are apt to be much more serious.

I am grateful to Mr. Seton-Watson for supplying me with a precious illustration of his methods in his last letter. He brings against the Italian Government (whose men, however, are a few lines below said to possess "proved statesmanship and political honesty") the charge of having intrigued against Serbia by a sort of double game with the Central Empires on one side and the Powers of the Entente on the other. The newly-published Italian Green Book throws a curious light upon the whole intrigue. From it it appears that one of the demands put forward by Italy in Vienna was for the central Dalmatian Islands. . . . Meanwhile, she was claiming from the Entente the mainland and islands of Northern Dalmatia. . . . The uninitiated reader will think, of course, that the Green Book will supply some evidence for both these affirmations, and especially for the fact that the two sets of demands were put forward at the same time. I have read the Green Book from cover to cover; there is not a word about negotiations with the Entente. Mr. Seton-Watson may have secret information about them, but then he is not authorized to say that the light on the intrigue comes out of the Green Book—of that Green Book which, according to your correspondent in Rome, reveals, if anything, "the remarkable political insight, the singleness of purpose, and the sterling honesty of Signor Sonnino." But that is not, apparently, Mr. Seton-Watson's opinion; his is much nearer in spirit to that of Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg.

But perhaps it is only the form of the statement that is misleading; and this would be a venial sin. There is something that is more serious. I do not propose to enter to-day into the merits of the Dalmatian problem itself, but only to illustrate Mr. Seton-Watson's methods and qualifications. He continues: "If the arms of the Entente are crowned with success, at least half-a-million Slavs (Croats, Serbs, and Slovenes) in Dalmatia, Istria, and Gorizia will be transferred from one alien rule to another." In order to get a sufficiently impressive number he cannot limit himself to Dalmatia; he must add Istria, and Gorizia, that is, territories of mixed population, as Dalmatia itself is, but on which nobody thinks of contesting the rights of Italy. He knows that, given the conciliatory spirit of Italian statesmen, and the principle that they have clearly adopted of securing the unity and integrity of the Italian nation, with the least possible accession of subjects belonging to other races, the number of Slavs in the Dalmatian territory

claimed by Italy would not amount probably to as much as the population, say, of one of the smaller London suburbs; and he must add some from somewhere.

The lack of sympathy for the sufferings of the heroic Italian population of Dalmatia, whose resistance to a tyrannic rule (that rule from which, at the price of these sufferings, another race was, as Mr. Seton-Watson informs us, *wresting* during the past generation one concession after another) took the highest and purest of all forms, that of a free educational effort—could be forgiven. The lack of understanding for the spirit in which the Italian people enters this war could be accounted for; there are millions to-day in Europe, though not in England, nor in France, nor in Russia, who are in the same frame of mind, and consider our nation as a selfish, grasping, imperialistic country, and our statesmen as intriguers. You do not instil sympathy or understanding into the hearts of those who do not feel as you do. But a writer on political matters ought to have political knowledge and political insight.

Mr. Seton-Watson lacks political knowledge. He does not understand that Italian statesmen could not have asked from Austria Northern Dalmatia, unless they were to confess that the whole of their negotiations with Austria was nothing but a sort of useless bluff. They did not ask even for Trieste. They asked merely for what Austria could have given. If Austria had yielded, it would have been our painful duty to abstain from the war, towards which our people was drawn by much larger motives than mere Irredentism. The Government of Italy were right in thinking that, however strong the feeling of the people was for the cause of European civilization and freedom, they were not justified in making war unless Italy could add to it the sense of the wrongs she herself had suffered, and after all peaceful means had been tried. It is this sense and the moderation of Italian diplomacy in the negotiations with the Central Empires that have allowed us to bring to the Allies, not only the help of a powerful army and navy, but that of the rightful indignation and the deliberate will of our people. If Mr. Seton-Watson wants to know why Baron Sonnino, knowing that he could not get Northern Dalmatia by means of diplomatic negotiations, asked for the *Isole Curzolari*, which Austria *could* have given, let him cast a glance on the map of the western coast of the Adriatic, and remember that our safety, like the safety of England, is on the sea.

Mr. Seton-Watson lacks political insight. His campaign, before the entrance of Italy into the war, could have had very serious consequences, if only he had been listened to more than he has been. His campaign now, after the declarations of M. Sazonoff and M. Pasgre, who are, I think, better entitled to talk in the interests of the Slavs than he is, cannot work, in the hypothesis that he should be listened to, anything but mischief and discord between Italy and Serbia. He is working on the lines adopted by the Austrian Government quite recently in their policy towards the population of Croatia: that of securing their support in the war by the suggestion of a future Italian danger; and German papers are now advising Austria to approach Serbia in a Seton-Watsonian spirit. We know that the war will be hard and long still; we know that Serbia will be steadfast and loyal to her Allies against all allurements, and that Sero-Italian relations are to-day full of cordiality and good-will. But why should a few writers, by envenoming what is an old wound in the heart of Italy, the martyrdom of the Italians of Dalmatia, do their best to sow the seeds of future misunderstandings?—Yours &c.,

RAFFAELLO PICCOLI.

May 31st, 1915.

To The Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I, as an old friend of Italy, and as one possessing some personal knowledge of the Dalmatian littoral, appeal for a little more serenity from the protagonists of the Southern Slavs? Never, since the days of Cavour, has Italy faced so tremendous an issue as that involved in joining the Allies at this critical juncture, when the fate of the Russian offensive is trembling in the balance. In standing up against the Central Empires she, with admirable fortitude and moral courage, is risking her all—her manhood, her dynasty, her young existence as a nation, her

hardly-won economic prosperity, her priceless artistic patrimony. Can it be supposed that her statesmen are incurring this enormous responsibility in order to betray the principle of nationality and to create an atmosphere of bitter hostility in a new and powerful state on the opposite shore of the Adriatic, to exchange a Teutonic for a Slav enemy? I, for one, cannot believe it.—Yours, &c.,

Brasted, Kent, May 31st, 1915.

THOMAS OKEY.

[We quite agree. We do not think that Italy and Serbia will in the end have any serious cause of disagreement over the settlement of Dalmatia.—Ed., THE NATION.]

ENGLAND AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I think your reviewer somewhat misjudged the motive of my selection from Pitt's War Speeches. His interpretation of the introduction leads him to attribute to me an attempt, with the aid of the Speeches, "to press the traditional upper-class view of the French Revolution." If he means that the book was intended as an attack on the principles of 1789, I need hardly say that it had no such untimely aim. Its sole object was to recall the patriotic example and the clear-headed and resolute policy of Pitt in prosecuting a war the causes and issues of which, while obviously different from those of the present war in some respects, were no less certainly akin to them in others.

The purpose of the introduction was to explain, as concisely as possible, the points of similarity. It was only concerned with the question of peace and war; and is it legitimate to assume that its author does not appreciate the ultimate benefit to Europe and humanity of the ideas of the Revolution and the value of Napoleon's constructive work, because it omits to express such appreciation—in any case a rather superfluous task nowadays—as being beyond its scope? Is it logical, again, to accuse him of maintaining that the analogy is "complete," when he only maintains that in many features it is curiously exact? Is there really any ground for the somewhat harsh suggestion that he sympathises with the Prussia of 1793, or considers the ideals for which she stands to-day comparable with those for which France stood then? Of course, the doctrines which inspired the brave soldiers of the Revolution were infinitely nobler than those of modern Prussian *Kultur*: but, none the less, the attempt to propagate ideas by force of arms was in both cases alike disastrous. Of course, the genius of Napoleon was not purely destructive, and the Kaiser and the Prussian military caste, who have nothing whatever to offer to the world, are dwarfed to insignificance beside him; but Napoleon's ambition, like that of the present rulers of Germany, was to dominate Europe, and, like them, he was ready to drench the Continent in blood to gain his end.

It was the central argument of the introduction that for those reasons war with England was in both cases sooner or later inevitable. If France had not adopted a policy of conquest, and thus herself been false (as no less sympathetic an historian than M. Sorel puts it) to the principles of 1789, she might still have had to fight Prussia and Austria, but not England. And, if M. Aulard recalls the French defence of liberty, may we not recall, without offence, the English resistance to aggrandizement and the Caesarism which was the logical outcome of aggrandizement?

From this point of view I ventured to hope that it might not be altogether inappropriate at the present moment to reproduce Pitt's clear and simple exposition of the issues of the Great War, and to bring to mind his unflinching determination not to abandon the struggle, whatever sacrifices it might entail, till he had obtained for England and for Europe the primary conditions of a secure and lasting peace. It would be a pity if Englishmen were not allowed in England's greatest crisis to draw inspiration and encouragement from the memory of Pitt without being involved in rather antiquated controversies about the rights and wrongs of the French Revolution. It would be a still greater pity if it were true that the friendship between the French and British peoples, born of a growing sense of common ideals and common interests, and now consecrated by common sacrifice, should depend for its continuance on our deliberately disregarding the historical facts of a century ago, ignoring the evils of Napoleon's despotism, and, in our

admiration of the immortal services of the Revolution to the cause of freedom, declining to recognize the tragic change which came over its spirit and purpose at the end of 1792, or to see anything but good in all its phases.

With apologies for trespassing on your space.—Yours, &c.,

R. COUPLAND.

Trinity College, Oxford, June 1, 1915.

[We are sorry if we seemed to read more into Mr. Coupland's project than he meant us to read; the misunderstanding arises, we think, from his overlooking the European significance of the war of 1793. To those who accept "Pitt's clear and simple exposition of the issues of the Great War" it is a disaster that France was not beaten in 1793. In our view, precisely the contrary is the truth. France defended herself successfully, and she was defending democracy. Those who think of this war, not merely as a war between Great Britain and Germany, but as a war for the defence of Western and democratic Europe from German aggression, are therefore in sharp disagreement with Mr. Coupland's parallel. To press the analogy of 1793—1914 is to give a false impression of one or the other: either to obscure the fact of the greatest importance to Europe, that France was then defending democracy, or to suggest that democratic interests are not concerned in either war. If Mr. Coupland wished to reproduce the temper in which England resisted Napoleon, he could have published a series of remarkable speeches from Pitt, Fox, and Sheridan. The issue in that conflict was a good deal simpler. Mr. Coupland's historical statement is surely open to question. Is it certain that, having regard to the temper of England, and Pitt's own speech on the execution of the King, England would not have gone to war if France's foreign policy had been different?—Ed., THE NATION.]

TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN, AND THE WAR.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Trinity College, Dublin, is preparing a list of her students, past or present, who are, or have been, serving in His Majesty's Forces by sea or land in any capacity, during the present war. May I, by your kind permission, appeal to any of your readers who are in a position to do so, to forward particulars regarding any such man who has at any time matriculated in Dublin University? We need the full name, home address, unit, rank, and year of degree or matriculation; but where all cannot be supplied we shall be grateful for even part of these particulars.

Information as to casualties, distinctions, &c., will also be welcome. Letters should be addressed to War List, Trinity College, Dublin.—Yours, &c.,

J. P. MAHAFFY, Provost.

Trinity College, Dublin, May 30th, 1915.

GERMANY'S COTTON SUPPLY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—You will remember that the cotton campaign was initiated in THE NATION. The result has been so far successful that already a fair proportion of cotton used by Germany for propulsive explosives has been stopped, but the estoppel is far from complete.

At the beginning of the campaign, which was undertaken by men of various occupations and of all shades of political opinion, it was stated officially that, in the first place, Germany had ample cotton for her needs; next, that she could use various substitutes, and, finally, that it would offend the United States if the importation of cotton into Germany was stopped. Now all these arguments can be demolished seriatim. Germany was so short of cotton that she was prepared to pay three times its normal price; the use of substitutes would so disorganize her gun-cotton factories and so upset the calculations of her artilleryists that it is better for her to use any effort rather than to run this double risk; the hostility of the United States cannot exist because the copper industry has been similarly controlled without one word of demur. In short, a great mistake was made at the beginning of the war by not making cotton contraband absolute. An attempt to remedy this error was made by the Order in Council of March 11th, but that Order, as far as it related to cotton, merely forbade its importation into Germany; it said nothing about its importation into

neutral countries. Months ago Manchester shippers asked whether they were allowed to ship cotton which they knew to be destined for Germany. The answer was that they could do as they pleased. On April 27th a supplementary Order in Council was issued forbidding the re-exportation of cotton from this country.

So you see that there has been a significant alteration of opinion. Whereas cotton was of no account on August 4th, on April 27th it was of so much account that re-exportation from this country was forbidden. For all that, it still goes into Germany, and will continue to go until it is made contraband absolute.

In the issue of the "Spectator" of May 29th occurs this passage: "It is stated that in the fortnight preceding the Italian declaration of war Germany received large quantities of cotton. Whether this cotton was intended for the manufacture of ammunition or whether it was intended for ordinary industrial use, does not greatly affect the issue." It seems that your contemporary has at length become alive to the fact that cotton is that one indispensable ingredient of all modern propulsive explosives which Germany does not grow and cannot obtain unless we choose to let her obtain it. It is quite beyond question that we have been allowing her to obtain it, and this traffic must be stopped.

It is greatly to be regretted that the steps designed to prevent cotton reaching Germany have been taken so tardily, and it is more to be regretted that they are still ineffective. I have ample information, both official and from private sources, that our enemy is obtaining cotton through neutral ports, and until this is stopped our enemy will be supplied with ammunition, and the only effective means of stopping it is by making cotton absolute contraband.

I may add that the Conference of Chemists and Engineers under the leadership of Sir William Ramsay, to which I have the honor to belong, have clearly and repeatedly pointed out these facts, supported both by arguments and numerical data, and that these have been neither refuted nor denied. It is high time that a strong line should be taken, and cotton should be made absolute contraband just as is copper.—Yours, &c.,

BERTRAM BLOUNT.

76-78, York Street, Westminster, May 31st, 1915.

THE BISHOPS AND THE WAR.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The Archbishops of Canterbury and York, by their recently-published pastoral letter on the war, written at the request of the Diocesan Bishops of England and Wales, and following on the Bishops' resolution passed at the Whitsuntide meeting at Lambeth, seem to some of us to have brought the Church in this country to a great spiritual crisis.

The pastoral of the Archbishops on the resolutions which were passed by the Bishops amounts to a practical negation of the fundamental spirit of the Catholic Church of Christ, to an open acceptance of a national Godhead, and, in effect, to the proclamation of a holy war upon our enemies, with the complete support and adoption by the Church of the ideal of pure nationalism, a doctrine which, as applied elsewhere, has undoubtedly produced the present war. One might be led to imagine from the Archbishops' letter that "our safety, freedom, and the place entrusted to us among the nations of the earth" was the burden of the Gospel of Christ.

Let us look the matter in the face. The Bishops, in their resolution, "call upon the nation to concentrate upon the successful prosecution of the war the full power of its spiritual, moral, and material force." The Archbishops go further, and look to the State apparently to enforce this call of the Bishops, asking "the Government . . . to take with courage whatever steps it considers to be necessary" to this end. There can be no doubt in our minds. The letter of the Archbishops and the resolutions of the Bishops, constituting as they do the deliberate, solemn, and determined attitude of the leaders of the Church in this country, embody a central apostasy of incalculable consequences for the nation and for the world, and threaten to stand as a sinister landmark in the history of the West.

Do the pronouncements just quoted represent the voice of Christ still coming to us through the Catholic Church?

Or has danger and stress altered the message of the Prince of Peace? This is the question in the minds of many who now find their vision of a universal message ruthlessly torn from them by those who are its chief guardians.

The Church of Christ is a universal Church. In it there can be but one race, but one color, but one living soul. For the Christian there can be no spiritual compromise whatever with the limited systems of race, nation, or State. This is the essential ideal of Catholicity. The followers of Christ exist in the world to preach and practise the spiritual brotherhood and equality of man. Their message cannot be affected by wars, or any struggle which has its origin in things of this world.

No one would have denied this view of the faith twelve months ago. After the war the Church expects to preach it again. But can the gospel of love, which suffers all for its ideal, even apparent annihilation as our Lord suffered, rather than defend itself by earthly means, be then suddenly resurrected?

Are we not faced with the bankruptcy of the Church in spiritual power? The triumph of the Kingdom of God is made by the Bishops identical with and dependent upon the vindication of the national spirit by force of arms. What would happen if the nation should fail? Would Christ fail, too? This is the betrayal of the mind of our Master—this fear that His Kingdom can fall with the fall of any earthly power. If it suffered and conquered by the Cross of Calvary, it can suffer and conquer by the Cross of 1915. The Church must stand fearlessly on her own ground by the strength of her own faith rather than with the Bishop of Pretoria on compulsory nationalism by a doctrine of higher explosives and more men.

A solemn reaffirmation is necessary at this crisis of the ideals and life which Christ came to bring into the world.—Yours, &c.,

R. S. EVES,

Chaplain of St. John's College.

FRANKLIN KIDD,

Fellow of St. John's College.

Cambridge, June 1st, 1915.

Poetry.

TO ENGLAND.

ENGLAND, deep in thy beechen woods,

Where the bronze leaf slants down the autumn days
And timorous green wins the spring's late moods

As the primrose faints on the sheltered ways,
There, like a child with his sins confessed,

I would lie,

When I come to die,
Folded in love on a mother's breast.

Take me and keep me ever thine own;

Nothing I have but is given by thee:

Where I have faltered let love atone,

And the merging slow with the soil of thee.

Body and spirit and all are thine;

Take them again,

In peace or pain,

When work is over and rest is mine.

Work—great work! Thou art calling clear,

And death is the least of the things to give:

Son of a heritage nobly dear,

Now in the pride of my love I live.

Hill, moorland and stream, wood, valley and river,

Homes of the free,

Cry aloud to me,

"England is thine—thou art hers for ever!"

Great, little mother of half the world,

Where were thy beauty the sunlight gone,

Thy streaming banner of freedom furled,

And thy birthright reft that our fathers won?

Fain would I dream with thee when the night fall,

Yet glad sink to rest

On a strange, scarred breast,

If I feed thy spirit, who givest me all.

R. G. B.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "General Sketch of the European War: The First Phase." By Hilaire Belloc. (Nelson. 6s. net.)
 "Behind the Scenes at the Front." By George Adam. (Chatto & Windus. 6s. net.)
 "Poland and the Polish Question." By Ninian Hill. (Allen & Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "The Campaign of 1914 in France and Belgium." By G. H. Perria. (Hodder & Stoughton. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "Modern Germany and Her Historians." By Antoine Guillaud. (Jarrold. 7s. 6d. net.)
 "A Bit of Love." A Play in Three Acts. By John Galsworthy. (Duckworth. 1s. 6d. net.)
 "The Muse of Many Mirrors." By Violet Hunt. (Stanley Paul. 6s.)
 "Tares." By E. Temple Thurston. (Chapman & Hall. 6s.)

DISCUSSION of the influence that the European War is likely to have on the world of books is not confined to this country. There is a long article by M. Victor Giraud in the current number of the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*," in which that accomplished critic ventures on a number of prophecies about the development of French literature in the immediate future. No writer, he believes, can write in the future quite in the same manner as he did in the past, for even the most impersonal literature is the expression of a state of mind, and the French mind is passing through a crisis such as it has not experienced since the Revolution. Victory will restore to it the confidence in itself which it had almost lost, and the most popular books will be those that preach the gospel of action:—

"Our literature will have the ardour and virility that fit a victorious nation; a young, fearless, generous blood will circulate in the works of our writers; they will repudiate the languid, anemic manner of some of their predecessors. They will be virile and confident even in their moments of gloom and depression; they will urge us to action. They will teach us that life is not worth living unless it is a constant effort towards what is best, the progressive and meritorious realization of the ideal of a higher humanity."

ANOTHER note which, in M. Giraud's opinion, will be predominant in the French literature of the immediate future, is that quality of "high seriousness" which Matthew Arnold valued so highly. The "*culte du moi*" will disappear—M. Maurice Barrès would be, I suppose, the proper person to pronounce its funeral oration and place a wreath upon its grave—and less attention will be given to those affectations and subtleties of style and composition which are but the ornaments of decadence, and do more credit to a writer's ingenuity than to his taste. Instead of irony, scepticism, and moral indifference, French readers will expect the great problems of life to be handled with a becoming gravity:—

"'L'Abbesse de Jouarre' and 'La Révolte des Anges' will seem to us less and less to be works of high educational value. We shall refuse to give our confidence to those who wish to obscure in our minds the notions of duty and of the moral conscience. We shall not, indeed, ask our authors to put on the preacher's garb, but we shall hold that, without departing from their proper function, and without becoming bores, they can make us feel the sovereign importance of moral problems. In a word, their mission will be to set in relief and in the fullest light the deep seriousness of our race, and to remind those who may be tempted to forget it, that if France is the country of Voltaire she is also the country of Pascal."

A RETURN to the classical literary tradition, with a corresponding independence of foreign models and foreign sources of inspiration, is another tendency which M. Giraud believes will be promoted by the war. This will be modified to some extent by the closer bonds, intellectual as well as political and economic, by which France will be joined to England and Russia, but that the younger school of French writers had begun "to hark back to the classics" has already been pointed out by several critics, notably the Abbé Dimnet. It is shown particularly in the general depreciation of the

romantic movement. Romanticism was of foreign origin, and the younger school profess a sort of literary nationalism which makes them, in M. Giraud's opinion, "severe even to injustice, towards the romantics." "It is possible," he adds, "that the war, by giving us back our former confidence in our own national energies, may favor and develop this state of mind, and that we may see the birth of a literature very strongly classical in its aspirations, and somewhat jealously traditional in its tendencies. But it is also possible—and the one hypothesis does not contradict the other—that without ceasing to be resolutely national, the literature of tomorrow may open itself very freely to certain foreign influences."

AMONG those foreign influences that of Germany is certain to count for very little. So far from regretting this, M. Giraud believes that, upon the whole, it will be a gain. He admits that, so far as philosophy and music are concerned, ignorance of what Germany has done would be a considerable loss to a twentieth-century Frenchman. But he does not think this extends to literature. On the contrary, he thinks that both history and criticism have suffered in France from the intrusion of German ideas and German methods. What one regrets most, he says, in the work of the contemporary school of history are those literary qualities which, under German tuition, it had learnt to despise:—

"It had become the accepted view that history should be a science, that is to say, a nomenclature of facts and a juxtaposition of documentary texts, and accordingly its writers kept heaping unreadable books one on top of the other. In all likelihood this mania will pass away, and we shall perceive, in the light of contemporary events, that history is a living thing, and that, in order to reproduce the full movement of life, the resources of art, and even those of philosophy, may advantageously be added to the exact knowledge of documentary archives."

IN regard to fiction, M. Giraud is convinced that the morrow of the war will see a great diminution in the output of novels that are merely scabrous. He believes that the so-called "*roman parisien*" was always more read in foreign countries than in France, and that it will now drop out of circulation. Its place will be taken by novels dealing with the war, and he cites some episodes which seem framed for the pen of a future Maupassant or Mérimée. That fiction of this type will be overdone M. Giraud has little doubt, but, as he remarks, even this abuse has its compensation, for the glorification of military heroism is at least as valuable as the monotonous records of successive adulteries. In addition to stories of military adventure, M. Giraud looks for a revival of the historical novel, though at the same time he believes that the ablest writers will give most of their attention to the representation of what he calls the sound and wholesome life of the great mass of the French people. Simplicity of style and treatment, fidelity of observation, and exact description of character and environment, a regard for moral problems, and the poetry of homely things—these are what he hopes will be the marks of the new French fiction.

A RENEWAL of lyric poetry is the remaining characteristic which M. Giraud expects to find in the French literature of the years following upon the war. Great epic poems are, he believes, unsuited to our times, and the form cannot be galvanized into life even by men of the greatest genius, but he thinks it likely that this lyrical feeling may find expression in "epic fragments," such as those of Victor Hugo. Parallel with this he anticipates a renaissance of poetic drama. The war has given so many examples of character in the grip of destiny, and of tremendous moral crises, that it only remains for writers to seek and discover the framework of a new drama, "of a living, modern drama, which can be, allowing for the necessary differences—for the new generation the equivalent of what the classic tragedy has been for our fathers." M. Giraud does not claim that all his hopes and predictions will be exactly fulfilled. But he maintains that the beginnings of nearly all these tendencies are to be found in the literature of to-day, and that there is every probability that they will be encouraged by the fermentation of ideas which the war has brought.

PENGUIN.

Rebiews.

THE NEW SPIRIT IN HISTORY TEACHING.

"The People of England: I. The People in the Making,"
By STANLEY LEATHES. (Heinemann. 2s. 6d.)

THE appearance of a book such as this of Mr. Stanley Leathes, which makes the social development of the nation the main theme, and aims at instructing young people between the ages of twelve and sixteen, suggests a retrospect of the advance we have made in fifty years in our conception of what history means and how it should be taught. Fifty years, because that takes us back to the date both of the "Origin of Species" and of Herbert Spencer's "Essay on Education." The former was the channel by which ideas of evolutionary progress have since permeated all branches of science and philosophy; the latter described and denounced the futilities of a teaching of history which concentrated attention on the personal details of courts and wars and omitted the vital matters in which progress may be traced. The method is, alas! by no means yet extinct, but books such as Mr. Leathes's are now dealing it frequent and deadly strokes.

There are, broadly speaking, three distinct planes of history teaching appropriate to the different stages of mental maturity in the learners, with, of course, links between them, and leading up, one to the other, by intermediate steps. If we were connecting them with the ordinary grades of school instruction, they might be called primary, secondary, and tertiary. The first is mainly biographical, the stage of stories. This is the stage which Mr. Stanley Leathes assumed to have been passed, and which Herbert Spencer dismissed without due appreciation. The names and lives of great soldiers, the biographies of monarchs, personal character, adventure, and achievement, these are matters of profound and legitimate interest to the young and to everyone at a certain stage and a certain point of view in the study of history. Homer represents it for the Greeks. To Spencer it was a mass of useless facts—or fictions—uninteresting, unorganizable from the point of view of science. "Read them, if you like, for amusement; but do not flatter yourself they are instructive." The wiser judgment will accept this pleasure and natural interest, and use it as an approach to the fuller, more scientific view.

The second stage is well represented for English readers by Mr. Leathes's book. It is the national point of view, the first indispensable step towards the conception of human evolution as the unfolding of human powers in concert. National units here appear as the necessary constituents of the larger whole, of which the grasp is the final goal of history. Traditional notions of teaching had more justification at this stage also than the Spencerian critic is inclined to allow, but they have suffered from two serious limitations or perversions. In the first place, the view hitherto generally presented has been too exclusively political, ignoring the more fundamental social evolution on which government depends and in which the whole people is seen to be the hero of the story rather than the conspicuous personages who happen to occupy the front of the stage. And, in the second place, the national evolution has been pursued in disregard of, often in opposition to, the larger whole of civilized society generally, and, in particular, of those neighboring societies with which our own is inextricably bound.

The third and highest platform from which history may be surveyed is that of the progress of the race as a whole. This is the point of view towards which, as grown men and women, we are bound to strive, which more or less consciously and imperfectly we do, at universities and other places of higher learning, propose for study. At this stage the governing consideration is the evolution of thought—especially of organized or scientific thought—by which more perfectly than by any other human product the essential unity of mankind is exhibited and developed. This principle does not ignore the political and social aspect, but puts them in their right place. Once grasped, the whole of the earlier stages of historical study becomes illuminated and transformed. The teacher acquires a canon by which

God Save the King.

**"Send him victorious,
Happy and Glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God Save the King."**

==
"Send him victorious"—

When you sing these words you think you really mean them.

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**You must join your King's
Army and learn to sing
"God Save the King"
with a gun in your hands.**

**JOIN THE ARMY
TO-DAY.**

the stories and events of the preliminary steps may be selected and arranged. If rejected or not understood, the mass of traditional and rapidly accumulating new material remains confused, unenlightening, and even positively obstructive.

Mr. Stanley Leathes's book belongs clearly and avowedly to the middle stage. Being written for boys and girls of between twelve and sixteen, it must be preceded by the outline sketch of persons and events, which ought to be given before the child reaches the secondary school or the top class of the elementary. With this and the indispensable time-chart he can begin the story of national evolution—"The People in the Making"—which Mr. Leathes unfolds with admirable clearness, precision, and interesting illustrative detail. He gives us a good account of prehistoric man, not confined to these islands, and does justice to the Roman work here, which was impossible to Green and other historians before the discoveries of recent years. These two sections occupy 40 out of the 290 pages, which bring us down to the close of the Middle Ages.

The general purpose of the book is well given in the last section: "The greatest work of the Middle Ages in this country was the formation of an English nation." And each preceding section gives a summary of what was done towards this general end in the period under review. Thus the Anglo-Saxon period "gave us our English people, in which Angles, Saxons, and Danes were merged with Britons. It gave us one king and one kingdom divided into hundreds and counties. It gave us one Church, and the Church gave us religion, reading and writing, and written law. . . . But it needed the Norman rule to bring out by discipline the worth that was in the people." Each period down to the fifteenth century is described in concrete terms, which enable the reader to picture both the land itself and the life of the people as they then were, and as they differed from England and the English as we now know them. This pictorial and concrete tendency is well exemplified by the author's excellent account of the buildings of different ages. In this, and in the sections on dress and the occupations of the people, the illustrations, which are abundant and well chosen throughout, are particularly good. He is also admirable in his clear, vivid, and homely explanations of difficult ideas and customs alien to our present notions. What the "feudal system" meant in practice, how the Normans converted into a system what was inchoate, irregular, and implicit beforehand, how men could actually come to be content to leave to an "ordeal" the decision of guilt or innocence, how theft was once regarded as a crime but murder was not, and how the Norman plan of treating the killing of a Frenchman as a crime was gradually extended to all killing; these and many such questions are so handled that the schoolboy can understand and any grown-up reader is interested and instructed. A vein of humor, added to shrewd wisdom and good judgment, has produced the result. Here are a few specimens. Mr. Leathes is exceedingly strong—and rightly—on the importance of the Church in uniting the people, improving manners, and advancing learning. But he does not omit to say: "If you think of all the people you know you may remember some who are very religious but do not seem to be much the better for it." Of the trial by ordeal: "Nothing is so strange that men cannot believe it." Of a tilting accident that nearly proved fatal to Henry VIII.: "So near did we come to losing our beloved Henry VIII. before he had time to marry five of his six wives and to destroy the monasteries."

The book is thus a most successful attempt at historical exposition on the second of our planes of study. In fact, only one serious criticism occurs to a sympathetic reviewer. Why, if we are to be told of the growth of law and the influence of the Church and the spread of learning, should practically nothing be said of the development and power of Parliament? The one or two references to it are merely allusive. Is it that government belongs to another department of history, that in which we learn of kings and wars and the other matters which Herbert Spencer deplored and denounced? One hopes not, for the "Making of the People" certainly involves some account of the making and the action of the political machinery which expressed one side of their civilization, and, with language and religion, helped to bind them together and make them one.

One other large question remains. In what relation does this book stand towards the conception of history as we sketched it on the highest plane, as the account of man's achievement and progress as a whole, turning mainly round his mental evolution? The answer is that it is far better devised to fit in with such a larger scheme than most similar works, perhaps the best we have yet seen on this scale. The ample acknowledgment of the Church has been already mentioned. Our debt to the Romans is insisted on and explained. And in the last two chapters the connection of the Romans with the Greeks is alluded to and the promise of a new world of thought and activity when knowledge and discovery began to revive. It is by that ladder, and above all by the steps of Greek thought, that we rise from the middle plane of history to the highest, and Mr. Leathes has not forgotten to put our feet on the lower rungs.

The conclusion of the Norman chapter will provoke dissent from those who believe that, in spite of our present horrors and all the setbacks of the modern world, man has advanced, not only in power and knowledge, but in humanity and harmony with himself. "The men who live now," we are told, "have changed their clothes and their manner of life and their speech, but they have not changed their hearts," and so on. But turn over two pages and Mr. Leathes answers himself: "The work that was needed from Henry II. is not needed now; we have learnt to govern ourselves, and do not require much bullying."

F. S. MARVIN.

THE TENDER SATIRIST.

"The Little Man, and other Stories." By JOHN GALSWORTHY. (Heinemann. 6s.)

MR. GALSWORTHY possesses that sensitive nature out of which the cruelty and stupidity of mankind make the satirist. All the great satirists are marked by unusual power of feeling and sympathy—an excess of sensitiveness, as the ordinary, downright man calls it the moment before he dismisses the satirist as sentimental. In all satirists we find the same exposed nerves, the same imaginative suffering aroused by the suffering of others. Swift declared that the corruptions and villainies of men in power ate his flesh and exhausted his spirits. A personal acquaintance said of him that the misery of Ireland fevered his blood, broke his rest, drove him at times half frantic with furious indignation, sunk him at times in abysses of sullen despondency, and awoke in him emotions which in ordinary men are seldom excited save by personal injuries. There we have an exact definition of the highest satiric temper. How nearly other satirists may approach to greatness in satire will depend entirely upon the degree of their sensitiveness and the consequent heat of their indignation.

Mr. Galsworthy has sensitiveness and is capable of high indignation. His distinction is a certain extra tenderness of treatment. Perhaps he is a little afraid of indignation; as well he might be, for the heart that has exposed itself to her lacerating claws will never know peace. But besides this natural fear of overwhelming rage, there is a gentle reasonableness in his nature, a balanced judgment always ready to admit the best plea that could be put in, even for his victim. One remembers "Strife," how the balance of indignation and justification is there held indeterminate. And among these present satires there is one called "Hey-Day," in which the Recording Angel arraigns mankind for their bestiality and sin, ever increasing with the "march of progress." He brings such charges as these:—

"You prepare year by year engines of destruction more colossal and terrific than ever were prepared in the darkest ages of your existence. This you do for the sake of peace!"

"You put these engines of destruction into use, and blow far more men into far smaller pieces than men have ever yet been blown. This you do for the sake of honor!"

These are charges in the common assize of satire. But

in answer Mr. Galsworthy sees Man rise up and retrace the story of his long and difficult ascent. "Take two points only in his gallant defence:—



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"Through unimaginable trouble, in grief darker than night, with bitterness more bitter than the sea, our ancestors learned how to love others beside self. You sat up there, and took a feather from your wing! . . .

"Out of the desperate morasses and the tangled woods of fear and superstition, their backs against the rocky walls of death, their eyes fronting the eternal abysses of uncertainty, our ancestors won through to the refuge of a faith in their own hearts. You sat up there, and wrote down its deficiencies!"

So the satire is turned from mankind upon the Recording Angel. And who is the Recording Angel but the detached critic who stands aloof, holding himself unspotted by the dust and sweat of human struggle? Who is he but the writer who cautiously eschews indignant and perplexing action in human life, lest he should shake his equanimity and endanger the perfection of his precious style? It is noticeable that the most penetrating of the group of satires, here called "Studies of Extravagance," the most intimate in its revelation, and the most pitiless in the icy strokes of its satire, is the first—"The Writer."

Another way by which the characteristic tenderness or restraint of Mr. Galsworthy's satire shows itself is his habit of introducing some person of simple and unconscious goodness by way of contrast to mankind's general obtuseness or brutality. We saw it in that excellent satiric play, "The Pigeon," for instance; and Mr. Stone in "Fraternity" played something the same part. In the present volume there are two characteristic instances also. There is "The Little Man" in the admirably designed farce or satire of that name, and there is Mr. Thompson (or Moronelli), old flute-player and savior of cats and birds, in "Ultima Thule." Such characters act as a foil or background to satire, bringing the meanness and folly of mankind into sharp relief. For they show what man is capable of. They serve the same purpose as old Louka, the consoler, among the ruined and unhappy lives of Gorky's "In the Depths." There was an early Christian prophecy that Christ would come again to be crucified. Sometimes his reappearance was connected with the story of the Wandering Jew, and perhaps Mr. Galsworthy was thinking of this when he included among these satires "A Simple Tale," which tells of the Wandering Jew's treatment in London. Anyhow, one feels that if Christ came again His presence would reveal the common world in the same satiric light as these characters cast upon it by their Christlike manner; though, to be sure, in these days He would be crucified or shot too soon to exercise much influence.

There are other strange and vital studies in the book, satiric or the foils for satire. But for humor and exactness of portraiture we think none beats the American in "The Little Man." His confidence in virtues exercised by others, his hearty appreciation of "a vurry sacred opportunity" for the display of another's courage or kindness, his frank declaration of the highest principles, his cry of "I'm an optimist—I think we're bound to make the devil hum in the near future"—how excellent they all are!

THE RUSSIAN TOUCH.

"Dead Souls." By NIKOLAI GOGOL. Introduction by STEPHEN GRAHAM. (Unwin. 6s.)

SOME six years ago the centenary of Gogol's birth was recognized more or less all over the civilized world. This peculiarly Russian writer seemed suddenly to be accepted as a universal evoker of laughter. People began to speak of "Dead Souls" with the matter-of-courseness to which they had been accustomed in speaking of "Don Quixote," or "Gil Blas," and Mr. Stephen Graham does not exaggerate when he claims, in his admirable introduction, a world-wide appeal for Gogol's sad satire. Humor unites opposites, and knows nothing of frontiers, and though the world-spirit seemed to have had little enough to do with the steppes, the grin of Gogol has, after all, a deeper universality than that derisive smile of Heine.

Years ago, indeed, Stepniak urged that some at least of Gogol's characters are just as comprehensible to the English as Mr. Micawber and Mrs. Nickleby are comprehensible to the Russians. This seems reasonable, and yet

when one compares the odyssey of Tchitchikoff through Russia with that of Mr. Pickwick through England, and when one remembers that they started out precisely in the same year (1837), the difference between the two outlooks is almost overwhelming. Each set out to discover his own country, but what a difference in the country and the method of discovery! Gogol, in his own phrase, arrived at "laughter through tears"; Dickens, becoming fantastically serious as he pierced below the surface of Merry England, arrived at tears through laughter. There, perhaps, lies the secret of the Russian touch: reality is nearer to tears than to laughter, and as for Russians, reality has always precedence, tears come first even with the humorist.

The whole scheme of this Slav wanderer in search of title-deeds to corpses would have appeared horrible to any English humorist, and from the first Gogol had his fearless scrutiny concentrated, not on the oddities of travel, but on the whole strangled life of the Russian people. If his book made others laugh, to him it was heart-breaking, and though the searchlight of his genius flashed upon a thousand stagnant pools of corruption, revealing men and women as they actually were, he could never become callous towards them, and still less could he accept them as the mere stage-properties of satire. He had no instinct either to preach or to condemn, and though he masked his accusation under the grin of comedy, the wounds of the Russians were his own. He was one of them from first to last, and see what they were! That is his point of view, and it is the point of view of Russian humorists in general.

Neither the English nor the French humorist approaches comedy from this standpoint. Thackeray, for example, invites us as a matter of course to share Colonel Newcome's attitude towards Costigan. Dostoevsky's Marmaladoff is an outcast beyond the dreams of Costigan, and yet the most unctuous of us would not dare to turn scornfully from him. Dickens produces a hundred virtues and vices in trousers and skirts that are labelled as clearly as if they were in shop windows. But even with Turgenev, the most Western of all the great Russian writers, it never occurs to one to ask oneself if any particular character is good or bad, *tout net*, so alien is it from the Russian to present any character *tout net* in any sense. Russian satire approaches men and women, not as saints or sinners, but rather as victims. The English humorist, with his good-natured nod, exclaims: "That is what Jones is," and the reader can, so to speak, audit the account of Jones's existence. But when Ostrovsky gives us his "Domestic Picture," one is bewildered by the debit and credit accounts between the merchant and his wife and between the elderly suitor and the slippery young girl. Only we know instinctively that it is horribly close to the actual jumble of life which presents no long addition sums at all for little sociologists to add up to their own satisfaction. That people who deceive are sure to be deceived, is perhaps the best that one can extract from it; so surely does the Russian touch enforce the stale-mate of life. But it has always the bite of individuality. You may take the most trite situation that a hard-working British novelist can dish up from a curate pestered by slippers, to an actress photographed in front of an empty jewel-case, and the Russian touch will throw into it an unexpected tang of experience. But it falls impartially on good and bad, and something rough and bitter excludes it from that sophisticated analysis of falsehood which pervades, for example, Paul Bourget's "Les Mensonges." It plays, in short, like Juvenal's lash, only without any pre-occupation on the part of the castigator that it should fall only on wicked shoulders.

But when the real story is behind the story, then the indictment is unerringly manipulated. Russian satire is armed against institutions rather than individuals. The English satirist attacks Smith for being what he is; the Russian satirist attacks Russia for making Ivan what he has become. Saltykov, in his laments of "Onésime Chénapan," Stepniak in "The Story of a Kopeck," Gorbounov in scenes of Russian justice, Maxim Gorky in those transparent parables of his later work, all scald the lid that was being pressed down upon national life.

But even when a Russian picture has no background of *arrière pensée*, its lines are brusque enough. No gentleness

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such as protects the foibles of Sylvestre Bonnard, or even the self-seekingness of Major Pendennis, lingers over it. Mr. Hardy has given us many a mellow picture in which a choir practice shuffles through preliminaries not wholly unconnected with alcohol. It is in a very different spirit that Slyeptzov has presented a deacon staggering out of a Russian choirmaster's house after a choir practice of the Creed. Many Western writers, too, have analyzed a love-crazed derelict, but probably no Western writer has tracked, as from the inside, a disordered brain to its last incoherence as Gogol does in "A Madman's Diary," in which he has not shrunk from parodying the most famous passage of "Dead Souls," the passage which presents the troika as the symbol of Russia.

That, at least, was a recognition of the ideal Russia, who was yet to save the world in saving herself, but the actual Russia was too close to Gogol for his heart to be light, even while he wrung laughter from others. "Heavens!" exclaimed Pushkin, after reading "Dead Souls," "what a dreary place our Russia is!" Gogol himself had been oppressed by what he saw only too clearly. His was the Russian touch of humor—that is to say, the touch of one whose smile is wrung from him by pain. This touch is never laden with censoriousness, and far from excluding pity, it springs, in spite of all its roughness, from pity—the pity that laughs because it dare not cry.

THE INDIAN MEDICAL SERVICE.

"A History of the Indian Medical Service, 1600-1913." By Lt.-Colonel D. G. CRAWFORD. (Thacker. 2 vols. 28s. net.)

A HISTORY of the great Medical Service of India should contain not only much matter of interest to historians and to students of the science and art of Government (if there are any) but also not a little of the romance which is, perhaps, more pleasing to the majority of mankind. It must be the history of a period extending over more than three centuries; must deal with one of the most remarkable achievements of humanity, that is, the Empire of India; must deal, also, with the great advances made in modern times in the art of healing; and, lastly, with numberless stories of adventure, success, failure, devotion to duty and to science, and heroism in peace and war. A formal, detailed, and exhaustive narrative should require the labor of years, the patience of Job, and the nicety of a true historian; but Lieutenant-Colonel D. G. Crawford, of the Bengal Medical Service (retired) has now given us such a book; and I hope that I may be allowed to commend its perusal by many besides those of us who have had the honor to belong to the Service referred to.

Perhaps the first volume contains most of the romance. We begin in the latter years of the great Queen Elizabeth, when the East India Company was first founded by a charter from her. As everyone knows, the Company commenced merely as a small trading concern; and, indeed, most of our Colonies have really been founded partly by traders and partly by missionaries, who have not always received due credit for their labors. Even at that time ships were wont to carry "Barber Surgeons," and the first medical officers in the employment of the Company were such, their names being John Banester, Lewis Attmer, and Robert Myssenden. Some years later the Company appointed a "Surgeon-General" whose duty it was to enlist surgeons and their mates, and to provide them with proper apparatus—that is, with "tools" and medicines. The first Surgeon-General was John Woodall, who wrote several books, including one called the "Surgeon's Mate" (1617), in which he says, "but let me friendly tell the Surgeon's Mate, it is the credit of a young artist to take a vein smoothly and neatly as also to shave well is praiseworthy." As the Company's operations extended to the foundation of factories on land, the ships' surgeons seem to have been given jobs ashore; and, as a matter of fact, the Indian Medical Service began in this manner. Colonel Crawford discusses at length the famous legend of Gabriel Boughton, who, as everyone knows, was supposed to have obtained a charter for the Company from

the great Mogul, Shah Jahan, as a fee for treating his daughter for a burn. In this and the following stories, we have a clear picture, rendered more clear by many abstracts from the documents of the time, of the gradual development of what has now become a great Empire. Another interesting story in the book is that of William Hamilton, who was connected with the famous Embassy to Delhi in 1714-17; and yet another, that of John Holwell and the siege and fall of Calcutta and the Black Hole, in which Holwell was one of the prisoners. Yet another biography is that of William Fullerton and the Patna massacre.

But the book is full of details, not only of biography, but of everything appertaining to the Service, and many a Director-General of the future will draw information and inspiration from it. For I hope that the Service, unlike Alfred de Musset, has a future which is not only behind it. After all, the past provides us with ready-made building stones for the future; and it is books like these which enable us to use them. Those who have not been in the East can perhaps scarcely estimate what the Service has really done. There is some truth in the claim that it was the hospital and the doctor, and not the cohorts of the conqueror, which really won India. The sword merely strikes without convincing. Millions may be conquered by superior tactics, discipline, and military science; but I believe that it was chiefly our doctors who brought into the hearts of every individual in India the knowledge that we Britons sought not only to subject but also to bless. Throughout the vast territories of India there are now innumerable hospitals and dispensaries which give for nothing more than the people of India could ever in the past have obtained for all which they possessed.

The book helps us to recall with ease the typical scenes. The still warm morning is dominated by the blazing sun, rising cloudlessly and promising a terrible day. The morning breeze has not yet commenced, and the great leaves of the palms hang nearly motionless. Almost the last vestige of the grass of winter has withered into dry straws haunted by grasshoppers, and the faint dew of night has already vanished. The creaking of the water-wheel at the well fills the air with a curious music, disturbed by the cries of innumerable crows, kites, and squirrels, and perhaps the excruciating upgrade shriek of the brain-fever bird. Round the hospital wait scores of patients, some of them having travelled all night from distant villages; and all the morning the doctor and his assistant labor at their tasks. This, indeed, has been the power which perhaps of all others won the Empire of India.

And for the future, what remains to be done is to enhance that power by every possible means? To improve diagnosis, prognosis, treatment, and prevention. And we can do this, not merely by observation, but only by what we call science. I have in my mind many other and more terrible pictures. On one occasion, twenty-six years ago, we lost our way during a march in newly-won Burmah, and suddenly came upon a small hamlet affected with small-pox. The morning was such as I have described, and the patients, hideously marked, lay in the shade of the huts trying to cover themselves with their sheets in order to avoid the legions of flies which sought to settle on them, and from within one of the huts there came lamentations over the dead. I remember also villages in the grip of kala-azar, the black sickness—the poor people, both adults and children, reduced to walking skeletons, sitting in the sun for a little warmth before death. But most terrible of all is the avatar of cholera in the Indian city. On one occasion we had succeeded in finding the polluted wells which were the cause of two outbreaks; but for the third outbreak we failed, since the poison had probably entered the whole subsoil water of the densely packed square-mile of city (which contained hundreds of wells). The processions marched in vain, and the tomtoms failed to propitiate the goddess. The cases came thick and fast. In every other house there was lamentation; and where we had seen the sick child yesterday we found the dying mother to-day. Can we, living in comfort here in England (even in war time) form any picture of what all this means? And then, apart from such angels of wrath as plague and cholera and the epidemic diseases, we have to face the silent but still greater slaughter due to the great endemic diseases—malaria,

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dysentery, kala-azar, and others. Is it nothing to endeavor to learn how all this can be prevented? What is the slaughter of millions in an occasional war compared with the slaughter every year of many millions in this single country of India alone by what are really often preventable or curable diseases? And yet when we medical men strive to investigate, and even when we use the knowledge which science has already given us, there are evil people in this country who, without knowledge of the facts and often without even the capacity to reason accurately, cling shrieking on to our hands and impede all our efforts. But we shall proceed in our duty. It is our duty to prevent vivisection—the vivisection of men by parasites; and our duty to prevent inoculation—the inoculation of men with lies.

The future of the great Indian Medical Service will be found not only in science, but in co-ordination; for we are but a small scattering among those three hundred dumb millions of India, and every anna must be laid out to the best advantage. Every year brings us fresh knowledge regarding the cause, cure, and prevention of disease, and our studies and experiments are set forth in multitudes of works which the man in the street never reads and has never even heard of. But there are not many books which will help the administrator to perfect the organization under his charge. Not the least merit of Colonel Crawford's volumes is that they will assist most materially in this.

RONALD ROSS.

CHOICE AND PREDESTINATION.

"In a Desert Land." By VALENTINA HAWTREY. (Constable. 6s.)

"Meave." By DOROTHEA CONYERS. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

"Hugh Gordon." By ROSAMUND SOUTHEY. (Duckworth. 6s.)

"The House of the Misty Star." By the Author of "The Lady of the Decoration." (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

NOVELS, it is easy to say, are written from a variety of motives. But we are not sure that modern conditions are not eliminating these psychological complexities. Obviously, the majority of novels have no free, artistic impulse behind them at all; their motive is economic. And even when the latter incentive is only subconsciously realized, the novel has become so stereotyped as no longer to be written out of a spontaneous desire to say something. All its processes are previously laid down for it; it is predestined to be written; it is born into the world as inevitably as fogs in November. The consequence is that its motives for expression can almost be planed down to the terms of the old theological controversy. A few novels are written from unfettered personal choice; the rest are catalogued under generic, easily distinguishable headings.

Miss Hawtreys book unquestionably belongs to the former. It is in the category of those books that work out their own artistic destiny, consciously, determinedly, and without ulterior motive. Its scheme alone is an exceptionally ambitious venture. To say that it is an attempt to reconstruct imaginatively the annals of a well-to-do yeoman family from the fourteenth century to the present day is to say nothing. It is much more than that. It is much more than a painstaking chronicle of historical verisimilitude. Miss Hawtreys has, in fact, done three things in one, and—a stricter test of conceptive range—has made those three things revolve within the orbit of one. There is, first of all, the family of the Hydes of Cobham, in Gloucestershire, "a stock of an ordinary, intelligent, vigorous type." They are throughout the scaffolding of the book, but so deftly and intimately drawn into relation with the essential artistic purpose, that you are never allowed to see the bare poles. Naturally enough, this microcosm, being the representation, or rather, the embryo in miniature, of the macrocosm of society, is affected by it in greater or less degree.

Therein lies the radical significance of Miss Haw-

trey's historical environment. Her historical sense is extremely accurate and well-informed, so accurate and so well-informed that she can afford to let it take itself for granted. Simply by shifting the perspective, by looking through the microscope, not through the big end, which is the method of the historical novelists and the professional historians, but through the small and the right end, we see history as it affects the personal, not as it affects the official, attitude. To the Hydes the predominant factors of life are "love, marriage, birth, and death . . . together with the trifles that go to make up life." Comfort, the development of the land, and prosperity are its addenda.

But into this self-contained community accidents of history are always breaking. Now it is the plague, now the toll of war, now the penal laws against the Catholics. Politics cannot undermine the basis of this little world; they can only modify it by encroaching gusts and storms, just as the sea can modify the features of a headland. We persistently derive the impression that politics are always interfering with, always distracting, the private person. Politics are, as it were, the unwelcome bailiff in a busy family. And that, one feels, is the fault, not of the family, but of the politics. Now, such material as this, humanely, skilfully, and delicately treated, is exciting and original enough. But it is not all. Through the agency of Eleanor Larcher, who married into the Hyde family early in the fourteenth century, an outcrop of genius now and again burst up through the solid leaven of clay. With Eleanor it is inarticulate; it only breaks into full blossom a generation or two later in the personality of Tom Hyde. But, with its fruition comes its retribution. The tragic consequence of the Larcher expression is a genius of unrest, of realization without the simpler elements of practical faith in the mystical discovery. The genius, in fact, feeds upon itself. Its inspiration reveals the "vocation," and, at the same time, paralyzes the will to accomplish it. The tragedy of Tom Hyde in the fourteenth, of Jane Hyde in the sixteenth, and of Tony Hyde in the eighteenth century, was to realize their vocation and to miss it. It drove Tom to the point of becoming a mendicant friar, of joining the Peasants' Rising, but only to the point. It actually forced him to expiate his division of soul in the bitter motley of a nobleman's jester. Jane cannot devote herself with the complete self-surrender of a "pure motive" and of an uncritical passion either to religious or to sexual love. She atones for her humiliation in suicide.

The events on which these psychological conflicts depend are thrown into dramatic relief with extraordinary power. But with Tony, who is executed at Newgate for killing a man in a rage, Miss Hawtreys grasp is not so sure. The event has been severed from its spiritual implications. What happened to Tony, for all his metaphysical temper, might have happened to anyone without it. And the modern Eleanor is a little too sketchily treated for conviction. But, with these reservations, "In a Desert Land" is a remarkable novel. Whether Miss Hawtreys has or has not relied upon a skeleton of historical documents we do not know. Nor does it matter in the least. What does is the imaginative interpretation of them. And when you consider the scope of her task, the difficulties of stage-managing its intricate constituents, and the need at once of subtly differentiating these Hamlet-like exceptions to the general family rule, and of suggesting the appropriate contrasts, it will be seen that Miss Hawtreys has not only, with fine audacity, conceived an artistic possibility on epic lines, but brought it, on the whole, to a triumphant issue.

With the others, we revert to implacable type. "Meave" is a hunting story of exuberant "horsiness"; "Hugh Gordon" is a fighting story of dare-devil ne'er-do-wells and superlative heroes, with, let it be recognized, a quick energy of plot, and "The House of the Misty Star" is a sentimental story of Japan, about lady-missionaries, a pale and ecstatic young man, and a high-stepping girl of half-American, half-Japanese extraction, who will acknowledge no bit but the amorous one of the pale young man. They are, one and all, no worse and no better than their innumerable brethren.

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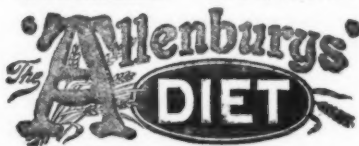
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3-4.30 Public Meeting in the Hall of St. Sion College, Victoria Embankment.
Chairman—Professor GARDNER, D.Litt., F.B.A., President of
Churchmen's Union.

Speakers—The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Hereford,
D.D., Mr. ST. LOE STRACHEY; and a paper by The Rev.
WILLIAM SANDAY, D.D., Lady Margaret Professor, will be
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At 4.30 Tea will be served, and
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BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"Alsace and Lorraine: From Cæsar to Kaiser." By RUTH PUTNAM. (Putnam. 5s. net.)

THE story of Alsace was well worth telling, and Miss Putnam has told it well. She begins with the first authentic narrative, that of Cæsar's repulse of the Germani of Ariovistus, who sought to force their way over the Rhine and subdue what is now Alsace and Franche Comté. With Vesontio (Besançon) as base, Cæsar defeated the invaders, and thus enabled the Romanized Celts after him to claim the Rhine as their natural boundary. The struggle between the two peoples has turned mostly on the possession of Alsace, or of the Ardennes district. Of course, the racial struggle has been confused by the intrusion of dynastic and municipal broils, and Miss Putnam gives the main outlines of these confused and wearisome events. The fortunes of the Middle Kingdom—Lotharingin (Lorraine) are traced, and the processes by which, first, the Habsburgs, and, later, the French Bourbons gained the upper hand. The statecraft of Richelieu decided the fortunes of Alsace from the Thirty Years' War down to the Franco-German War of 1870.

At one or two points we need fuller statements—e.g., as to the importance of "the Belfort gap" in favoring the inroads of the Burgundians and other Teutonic invaders. The retention of Belfort by France in 1871 was due, mainly, to the skilful diplomacy of Thiers early in that year. If Germany had acquired Belfort, she could, in 1914, easily have invaded Central France, and thus avoided the Belgian route which has proved, and will prove, so fatal to her. The other point is the influence of the great French Revolution in bringing to an acute crisis the conflicting claims of the French or democratic party with those of the old Imperial nobility, who had kept certain vague feudal rights, which Miss Putnam has described in pages 55-60. The conflict became acute only because democracy made the feudal and other services unbearable; and the maintenance of those rights by the old Empire and its princelings did very much to alienate the Alsatian peasantry from the old German connection. Miss Putnam's chapters dealing with Lorraine are less interesting than those on Alsace; but the whole book is informing, and should meet with a welcome from all who wish to know the varying fortunes of these debateable lands of the French and German peoples. The book is enriched by eight excellent maps and two useful appendices, but there is no index.

The Week in the City.

THE City remains very dull indeed as a result of the bad news from the Dardanelles as regards losses of men and ships. There is also considerable uncertainty as to the extent of the financing which Italy will require at our expense as the price of her intervention on the side of the Allies. The amount of Treasury Bills sold "over the counter" has fallen off somewhat, although discount rates remain low, and this fact has encouraged the growth of the idea that a new War Loan will appear before the end of July. Gilt-edged stocks are consequently dull, and though the North-Eastern Railway issue was a great success, Home Rails fail altogether to attract the ordinary investor. The Trustee has nibbled at

the preference and debenture stocks, because the yields are good, and for the period of the war they are Government guaranteed. Canadian Pacifics are better, but the rest of the American market is disturbed by the points at issue between Berlin and Washington.

A PROSPEROUS MUTUAL INSURANCE SOCIETY.

The annual report of the Norwich Union Mutual Life Office shows some remarkable figures. It received 11,339 proposals during the year for £6,176,719, and issued 9,493 new policies insuring £4,968,559. Of this amount, £2,857,193 was in respect of business within the United Kingdom. The rate of interest earned on the funds, which amounted to £12,886,762 at the end of the year, was £4 7s. 6d. per cent. before, or £4 2s. per cent. after deducting income-tax. The Norwich Union was founded in 1808, and shows the most striking record of progress of any mutual British office.

THE NEW GRAND TRUNK NOTES.

The Grand Trunk Railway is again in need of money, and is offering £2,500,000 5½ per cent. Five-year Secured Notes at 99 per cent., repayable at par on July 1, 1920. The Notes are secured by depositing £3,600,000 4 per cent. Debenture stock with trustees for the Notes. This method enables the company to raise money on a short-term security, instead of burdening it permanently with the high rate of interest which would be involved by a direct issue of the 4 per cent. Debenture stock. As the price of that stock at the present time is only a little over 78, a direct issue of it would be an expensive undertaking. If the price of it should rise, more of it may be issued publicly and the proceeds used to repay the 5½ per cent. Notes. The existing 5½ per cent. Notes of the company stood at 101½ before the new issue was announced. Grand Trunk finance, although somewhat overburdened, has received so much assistance from the Canadian Government, that the Government cannot very well allow the company to go under. Its revenues would have to fall off very much before any question of this kind would arise, however, and the new notes are a good short-term investment in these uncertain times.

Another short-term security which looks attractive are the 6 per cent. Five-year Notes of the Argentine Government, which were offered at 99 just at the time of the loss of the "Lusitania," and therefore went off badly. They are now obtainable at just over 97, and yield about 6½ per cent., a remarkably high return in comparison with the yields on Argentine Bonds, few of which yield more than 5½ per cent.; even allowing for redemption. These Notes also fall due in 1920.

EGYPTIAN BONDS.

Egyptian securities fell when war broke out with Turkey, but there has been a recovery since, and Egyptian Unified yield just 4½ per cent. at their present price of 89. If Egyptian finances may now be regarded as parallel with those of India, this return looks fairly high in comparison with £4 7s. on India stocks, but Egyptian Unified is not a trustee security, as India stocks are. A cheaper Egyptian security, however, which is apt to be overlooked, are the 3½ per cent. Government Guaranteed Bonds of the Agricultural Bank of Egypt, which stand at 77. These are redeemable at par in 1940, and they yield nearly 5 per cent., allowing for redemption.

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